

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 24, 1987

40 CENTS



GARY BEBAN

USC vs. UCLA: SHOWDOWN IN L.A.

O. J. SIMPSON





"Our secret?
A pinch of salt on top of each martini.
And the perfect gin, of course."

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Eliminates throwing salt over your shoulder every time.

The perfect martini gin.





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Insist on Interwoven socks made in combinations of acrylic, Marvess® olefin, and nylon. When she feels how soft they are she'll understand why you want more of them. She may not know it's Marvess olefin, a Phillips 66 fiber, that makes them so comfortable and keeps your feet fresh and dry. However, one thing she can see for herself.



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Contents

NOVEMBER 20, 1967 Volume 27, No. 21

Cover photographs by Walter Everts Jr. and James F. Flores

18 The Wrong American

Dontastic was supposed to win the International, but he couldn't get past a horse who almost wasn't invited

22 Just Too Sophisticated to Win

The San Francisco 49ers, who should be one of pro football's most successful teams, continue to lose the close ones

24 A Very Good Start for Egypt

It may have been a routine World Cup for Palmer and Nicklaus, but it wasn't for two Egyptians

26 The All-Blacks Attain the Zenith

Armed with a Maori battle hymn, New Zealand's national Rugby team outplayed and outwitted the bolshie Welsh

32 The Great One Confronts O. J.

Los Angeles braces itself for the epic conflict between USC and UCLA, which share a city but are poles apart

54 A Hunt in the North Kaibab

Autumn is the hunter's time in Grand Canyon country. The tourists have all left and deer are plentiful

74 C. B. DeMille of the Pros

Ed Sabol of NFL Films and his crew shoot Sunday's games, from which they select top plays for viewing on TV

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 13 Scorecard | 66 Horse Show |
| 44 College Football | 69 Chess |
| 58 People | 93 For the Record |
| 60 Golf | 94 19th Hole |
| 63 Hockey | |



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Credits on page 93

Next week

SURPRISE ROOKIE Jim Hant of the St. Louis Cardinals has ripened years ahead of time. Mark Mulvey tells about the quarterback who does things with a difference and was

FINALLY FIGHTING Dick Tiger, fresh from war-torn Nigeria, and patent Roger Rouse meet for the light heavyweight title. Gilbert Rogin reports on the bout that almost never was.

GOGGLES AND TEARS are a routine part of training on a girl's track team, as Bill Gilbert discovered when he volunteered to coach a group of midgets from his home town.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

We are interested in everything television does, and in the 13 years that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has been publishing we have devoted no small number of our pages to that medium's concern with sport. We have printed long articles on Announcers Mel Allen, Joe Garagiola, Vin Scully, Bob Prince and Buck Canel, producers Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, and Roone Arledge, vice-president in charge of sports for the American Broadcasting Company. In 1965 we wrote about Dick Bailey and his Sports Network Incorporated. We have particularly enjoyed telling about TV's controversial personalities—Howard Cosell and the late Clure Mosher, for example; and last spring Dan Jenkins took us along with the CBS crew covering the Masters in Augusta. So, on page 74 of this issue, we introduce Ed Sabol, the man behind the jazz-beat, slow-motion close-ups and helmet-to-helmet confrontations that NFL Films provide as follow-up fare for millions of football fans every week.

In a sense, this story started in 1965, when Tom Brody went to Colorado Springs to meet a fullback who was getting twice the notoriety of Tucker Fredrickson with a fraction of the ability. He was Stephen Douglas (Sudden Death) Sabol, a running, grinning, one-man publicity office who spent his laundry money on newspaper advertisements, colored postcards, brochures, T-shirts, lapel buttons, pencils and press releases—all of which reported his ever-so-slightly-embellished accomplishments on and off the football field. Brody's *The Fearless Trot From Pegasus Trot* was the refreshing result, so last spring when Tom suggested that it might not be a bad idea if we took a look at Sudden Death's papa, we said by all means.

Brody has no trouble recalling his first meeting with Sabol. "I was sitting

there in his New York office, waiting to see him," says Tom. "It was quiet, and I was leaning through some magazines. Then the door suddenly flew open, he had me by the collar and we were in his car, careening through the city. That's Sabol: alive and running. But when you get to know him better, you discover—beneath all the buff and puff—a warm, sensitive person, too."

Sabol coos such vitality, Brody says, that one should not be surprised by Sabol's elaborate Villanova, Pa. home—but Tom was. Of course, 12-foot-long hars and Oriental rugs sprawling on teak floors aren't all that rare, but never have you seen a pop-art collection like Sabol's. The paintings adorn the walls of every room. "They're as way out as Sabol is himself," says Brody, "but it's all in excellent taste." There is a bathtub in the house, but—as you should expect by now—it is no ordinary bathtub. It is more like a miniature swimming pool, and it is so big that an ordinary hot-water heater is not capable of filling it to the top, which is the way Ed Sabol likes it filled. Consequently, a huge, 200-gallon water heater—the kind they use in laundromats—has been installed in the basement. It provides all the hot water Sabol could possibly desire, but the tub takes time to fill and planning is required. So, when the bath-loving Sabol is ready to leave his downtown office for home, he picks up the phone first and calls his wife.

"Honey," he says, shrugging into his topcoat, "start the hot water running. Big Ed is on his way."

Garry Vail

From the starting gun to break-of-tape ...Omega marks Olympic records

As official watch for the Olympic Games (Mexico 1968) Omega decides the winners

When a difference of 1/100th of a second can mean a new world record, the accuracy of the timing equipment must be indisputable. Since 1932, Omega has shouldered this great responsibility with unanimous approval from Olympic judges. Omega is also standard issue for all Astronauts in the epoch-making NASA moon-and-back Apollo program. This same precision is yours in the Omega you wear on your wrist. From blueprint to final assembly, every Omega undergoes meticulous care. Parts are machined to tolerances finer than 1/1000 of an inch, then polished to mirror-brilliance by ultrasonic-cleaning methods, assuring minimum friction. The Omega Seamaster, with its gravity-powered, self-winding mechanism and automatic date-telling dial typifies Omega high-precision. There are over 300 men's and ladies' watches in the complete Omega collection, \$65 to \$15,000. Available only at authorized Omega jewelers appointed for their technical knowledge and professional integrity.



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FOR A LIFETIME OF PROUD POSSESSION



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1968 OLYMPIC GAMES, MEXICO

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AUTOMATIC, \$195
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Buy Bonds where you work.

She does.



Dorothy Jungerman works in Long Binh, Republic of South Vietnam. As a nurse with the U. S. Army, she serves her country's soldiers — and also Vietnamese civilians like young Ngoc. Dorothy invests regularly in U. S. Savings Bonds, too (as do more than seven out of ten of our military personnel in Vietnam). There's a good way for you to show brave Americans like Dorothy you're with them: Buy Savings Bonds where you bank or join the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

Freedom Shares — new plan for Americans who want to help their country.

Now, when you join the Payroll Savings Plan or the Bond-a-Month Plan, you are

eligible to purchase new U. S. Savings Notes, "Freedom Shares," as a bonus opportunity. Freedom Shares pay 4.74% when held to maturity of just four-and-a-half years (redeemable after one year), and are available on a one-for-one basis with Savings Bonds. Get the facts where you work or bank.

Join up. America needs your help.



**U.S. Savings Bonds,
new Freedom Shares**



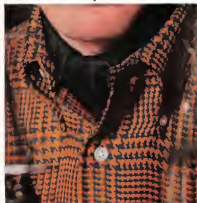
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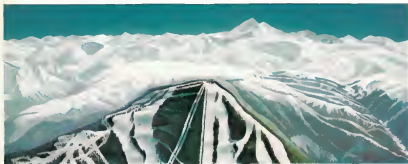
your weekends

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PHOTOGRAPHY: LORRA BY NORTON BEARD

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SHIRTMAKERS

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In the U.S.A. they're called the Rocky Mountains. In the C.S.A. — the Continental States of America — we call them our "alps" to help you remember that Continental Airlines is different. Different because we have



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Growing with pride

the greatest number of flights in and out of Denver (jumping off point for the best ski slopes anywhere). And every Continental flight offers a choice of luxurious First Class or comfortable Club Coach or economical Economy. And each class has our special low charge for carrying ski equipment, including free ski storage boxes.

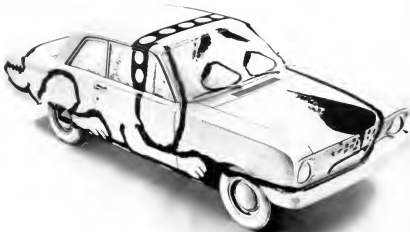
But an even bigger difference is how we serve you — with pride. You feel the almost patriotic pride of our people in everything they do. That's the reason for picking an airline... the way it does things... not because it just happens to go to a place you'd like to visit.

In the C.S.A. come travel with us and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it.



Continental Airlines

the proud bird with the golden tail



Do you sometimes get the feeling they named your car after the wrong animal?

Aha!

So you've begun to discover the true nature of your beast.

So have a lot of other people. And you know what they've been doing? They've been trading them in on Volvos.

Lately, Volvo dealers have taken in more fish, fowl, felines and assorted other creatures than ever before.

That may be because the problems eating at animal-owners, aren't problems with a Volvo.

The Care-free Animal Problem. The Volvo engine doesn't need constant tuning to stay in tune. And it's known for its ability to stay out of repair shops. Sports Car Graphix Magazine called it "one of the most reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

The Fixing-of-the-Animal Problem. Volvo gets nearly 25 miles to a gallon, even with automatic transmission.

The Hard-to-Handle Animal Problem. The Volvo suspension is soft, without being sloppy. The steering is quick. Volvo handles more like a sports car than a roomy family sedan.

The Cramped-Inside-of-the-Animal Problem. The Volvo is compact outside, big inside. It has much more leg room than the largest-selling animal. And it's got a huge trunk.

The Noise-of-the-Animal Problem. The Volvo body is held together with over 8,000 spot welds. It's solid. And if it isn't rattle proof, it certainly isn't rattle prone.

The Short-Life-of-the-Animal Problem. Volvo lasts an average of eleven years in Sweden. And while we don't guarantee how long Volvos will last in America, we do know that over 95% of all those registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

As you can see, Volvo has very little in

common with any animal you're likely to meet up with.

Instead of costing you a fortune, it can save you one.

Just keep your Volvo a long time, get out from under car payments, and make the payments to yourself for a few years.

And if your friends ask why you no longer drive an animal,

tell them you do.

A Piggy Bank.



When is the best time to start your baby's college education?

Would you believe...now?



Prudential understands that it may seem too soon to start thinking about college expenses for a member of the Class of 1990. But, when you figure how much it'll cost, it may not be any too soon at all.

Of course, college costs vary. Some are \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000 even up to \$10,000. It could even be more when he's ready to go. In any case the Prudential can guarantee the amount you've planned on if your child were to face college without you. And

something else, too. As you pay the premiums, it builds a cash reserve you can draw on when the bills come. But remember. The sooner you start a Prudential college insurance and savings plan, the more you'll have in reserve by then.

Your Prudential man can show you how an early start can help take the financial jolt out of education. When it comes to tailoring Prudential's college insurance and savings plan to your income, Prudential understands.



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Prudential understands

If you'd rather go to Europe than the Superbowl, forget this contest.

But if you get a kick out of pro ball (1), just pick the teams and guess the scores (or close to them) in the NFL and AFL championship games to win one of 15 holidays for two via Eastern Airlines (2) to the Superbowl game in Miami (3). Including a golfing fishing sailing vacation at Marco Island off the gulf coast of Florida (4). Or win one of 25 pairs of his and hers Honda 50's (5), which gives you another way to get to the Superbowl. Compliments of Score (6); Score Clear Hair Cream, Score Liquid Hair Groom, and Score Spray Deodorant.



Eastern, Round-Trip to the Bowl



Score Sporting Spectacular

- NO PURCHASE REQUIRED. On entry blank or piece of paper, print name, address and indicate the teams that will play in the NFL Championship and AFL Championship games and the score for each team.
- Mail entry to: Score Sporting Spectacular Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 911, Westport, Connecticut 06880 and indicate on envelope the initials of the four teams you have picked. For example, New York Giants would be NYG, St. Louis Cardinals, SLC.
- Each entry must be accompanied by and flap from any size package of SCORE's HAIR CREAM, the label from any size package of SCORE's LIQUID HAIR GROOM or code number from bottom of SCORE's SPRAY DEODORANT can or a 4 x 5 piece of paper on which you have printed "SCORE" in plain block letters.
- Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately. Entries must be postmarked by December 15, 1967 and received by December 22, 1967. Entries must be mailed in envelopes which show the initials of the teams you have selected.
- Winning entries will be determined by the accuracy of team and score prediction. In case of ties, prizes will be awarded by random drawing from among tying entrants, by the independent judging organization, Price Adams Associates. All decisions are final. Only one prize to a family and no substitutions will be made for any prize offered.
- Sweepstakes open to all persons in the U.S. except employees and their families of Bristol Myers, its divisions and subsidiaries, its advertising and sales/promotion agencies. Residents of Missouri should disregard rule 3 above. Offer void wherever prohibited by law.
- Winners will be notified by January 10, 1968. For a list of winners, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Bristol Myers-Norman Ltd., P.O. Box 911, Westport, Connecticut 06880. Additional entry blanks available at merchandise dealers.

Official Entry Blank

MAIL TO: Score Sporting Spectacular Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 911, Westport, Conn. 06880 and indicate on envelope initials of teams selected (New York Giants-NYG)

NFL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME (Game Played 12/31/67) AFL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME (Game Played 12/31/67)

East Team _____ Score _____ East Team _____ Score _____
West Team _____ Score _____ West Team _____ Score _____

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

(All Entries Must Be Postmarked By December 15, 1967)

**If everyone's walk
weren't a little peculiar,
we wouldn't have to make
such good shoes.**

There's a certain thing you do when you walk. No other person does it. At least, not exactly the same way.

And that thing you do does certain things to your shoes.

If you're a little pigeon-toed, for instance, the sides of your shoes probably get scuffed a lot.

They'd get scuffed a lot less if they were Portage Porto-Peds. For very good reasons.

First, there's our leather. At Portage, we buy only top-grade leather. Only from top-grade tanners. Then the leather is sorted at our plant again. And again. And only the best sort is used.

Then there's our finish. Next to who's doing what for the C.I.A., the Portage finish is probably one of the best-guarded secrets in the country. And when our finish is finished, the rich color and deep luster of our fine leather comes right through. And stays there.

And your pigeon-toed feet can't hurt it one bit.

At Portage, we make shoes to stand up to any kind of walk.

Even one as peculiar as yours.



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A World War I hero shows its medals.



Colt .45, 1918-1919



Handsomely decorated to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of America's participation in World War I, this Colt .45 relives past glories, from the cratered ridges of Château-Thierry to the forests at Meuse-Argonne.

First of a series of four guns, each named for a significant Yank A.E.F. engagement, the Colt .45 recreated above as the "Château-Thierry" saw action in France with the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Third Division of Army Regulars. The day was June 1, 1918. Mists rose over the Marne as the Germans stormed the quiet little village. Repeated attempts by the German forces to cross the river that divides Château-Thierry met furious resistance from 200 Yanks, commanded by Major James G. Taylor.

For thirty continuous hours, muddy, exhausted doughboys of the Seventh blazed away, finally blunting

the enemy attack. Their valiant defense denied a tough, battle-hardened German army access to the vital roads to Paris, just fifty miles away. The heroic defense put up by the Third Division led more than one historian to agree, "Their timely intervention . . . contributed decisively to stemming the German tide."

Four Colt .45 issues, commemorating actions at Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Marne River (2nd Battle) and Meuse-Argonne, each with an appropriate battle engraving on the slide and inset battle bar on the grip, will be produced. All models will be display-packaged in a glass-fronted, W.W.I. khaki-colored wood showcase with battle map and capsule history of the action. Available individually or in matched numbered sets, \$200 each. At your Colt's Registered Dealer.

Special Offer -- Colt .45 tie tack -- \$1.50 value, yours for only 25¢! Send coin to Colt's Firearms Division, Department 75, Hartford, Connecticut 06102.

Colt Industries



Colt's Firearms Division

Hartford, Conn., U.S.A. 06102

SCORECARD

QUESTIONABLE QUOTE

The President of the United States is reported to have said to the Crown Prince of Laos: "College football is a great spectacle, but I am not sure that it gives an accurate picture of America. To see some of our best-educated boys spending an afternoon knocking each other down, while thousands cheer them on, hardly gives a picture of a peace-loving nation."

This is such a silly observation that we prefer to believe it was never made.

ON THE TRACK

There is more than a suggestion that unethical and perhaps criminal methods were used in Secaucus, N.J. to defeat a proposal to build a \$20 million trotting track in the town, which is just 10 minutes from New York City.

Last month the New Jersey Racing Commission granted a permit to operate a Secaucus track to a group headed by Hyman Glickstein, who owns a major interest in Roosevelt Raceway. The new track, which would have been the most expensive in the country, had, however, to be approved by the residents of Hudson County and the townspeople of Secaucus. On Election Day the county voted 4 to 1 in favor of the track, but the town rejected it by a narrow margin—2,926 to 2,495. The Secaucus vote came as a surprise since last year, in a preliminary referendum, the town had been 2 to 1 in favor of night racing. The defeat was a victory for the churches, which campaigned against it, and also, in a way, for Yonkers Raceway, which would have lost a lot of its clientele to the new track.

One factor in the election was the appearance in all-white Secaucus, the week-end before the election, of a group of mysteriously hired Negroes passing out circulars that bore the slogan "Help the Race Track Lead the Way to Brotherhood and Integration in Secaucus."

Police said the men, six of whom had arrest records, were from Brooklyn and admitted they did not know where Se-

caucus was when they were hired by a man who has disappeared. They were given the handbills, which carried the name of a fictitious organization—the Hudson County Committee for Employment Opportunities—and their taxi fare to Secaucus.

County law-enforcement officials stepped into the case immediately, and a criminal investigation is under way. At the end of last week the Federal Bureau of Investigation entered the case. Secaucus Mayor Paul Amico says, "It was obviously intended as a backlash operation."

One thing is abundantly plain. Somebody did not want a racetrack operating within 10 minutes of New York City.

GETTING A BELT

A six-round preliminary between two neighborhood bartenders got more attention the other night in Philadelphia than a featured bout which matched former Middleweight Champion Joey Giardello and Jack Rodgers. For three years the customers at Breen's and The 500 East Club in the Frankford section of the city have been arguing about the boxing prowess of their respective bartenders, Jackie Lennon and Rick Conti. The two men, former lightweights, met once in the ring, in 1964, and Conti was awarded a split decision.

To settle the issue the bartenders came out of retirement, and this time Lennon won—bloodily. "I ran faithfully every morning," the 139-pound Lennon said afterward. "I boxed faithfully the last couple of weeks, and I went to work every night, too."

"Just like three years ago," said Lennon's father, who comes from Ireland. "That Conti bragged so much that Jackie closed his mouth for him."

Not for long, though. Conti was back at The 500 East Club declaring, "I hurt my ribs in the gym and couldn't fight. I couldn't even jab. He was boxing like an amateur. It's hard to fight a guy like that. He didn't hurt me; he cut my eye

on a head butt. He couldn't even crack an egg. If he doesn't want to fight anymore, that's his business. Me, I want to keep on. If he wants to say that we're friends now, that's him talking. I'm not his friend. The guy is a nonunion bartender."

NOTEWORTHY

Until quite recently it was common to see a hunter in Provence in the south of France carrying a bird in a cage on his back as he picked his way through the hills. He would place the cage under a promising-looking tree, sit down, cock his gun and wait. His bird would sing and attract the wild birds. But that is old hat, or rather old beret, now.

These days Provencal peasants carry portable record players and LPs. An audio engineer in Toulon, Maurice Vidal, produces the records, and has sold 25,000 of them, mainly through gun shops. Not long ago one hunter placed an order for a special record—three minutes of thrush, two minutes of finch, followed by a minute and a half of green linnet, then a few lark notes and finally three more minutes of thrush—all of which are game birds in France. He was told the record would cost him at least \$20, instead of the usual \$3 for the standard warble. But the hunter was not



put off; he said he didn't give a hoot about the price.

Vidal has been called a "bird assassin" and has received threatening letters from bird lovers. But he insists, "I love animals and I hate hunting. All my recordings are made of live birds flying around freely. And I only record birds which may be legally hunted. I wouldn't dream of recording the singing of a goldfinch or a nightingale."

continued

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after shower...
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SCORECARD *continued*

On occasion, Vidal has been plagued by poachers. "A hunter buys every one of my records," Vidal explains, "and then he tapes them for his friends. Sooner or later these tape worms are apprehended by game wardens. Hunting with a tape [as opposed to a record player] is illegal here."

TIME TO PAY THE PIPER

The recent announcement of the World Series players' shares showed that the winning St. Louis Cardinals received \$8,314 a man, or \$436 less than the Philadelphia 76ers got for winning the National Basketball Association championship. And the losing Boston Red Sox came away with \$5,115 each, or \$2,135 less than the San Francisco Warriors got for losing the NBA title. To take it one step farther, the Cardinals got \$814 less for winning a seven-game World Series than the Kansas City Chiefs received for losing the Super Bowl. Finally, the Red Sox got only \$1,002 more for losing this year than the New York Giants did when they lost the Series in 1923. There is a message in there someplace for baseball men.

TAKING TO THE AIR

The University of Texas has turned out some talented pro football players, Bobby Layne and Tommy Nobis, to name just two. But the university is extending its program. It is training its football players to be sportscasters, that being a profitable occupation these days for retired athletes.

Quarterback Bill Bradley and his receiver, End Ragan Gennusa, are among those learning announcing techniques by doing the play-by-play for Texas freshmen games. Despite his East Texas twang, Bradley shows the kind of promise that may raise him right up into the Frank Gifford class. Reporting one play recently, he exclaimed, "He made a terrific catch . . . except he dropped the ball."

FRUITFUL

To put the golf pros in the proper spirit, the tournament committee at the Hawaiian Open decided to use ripe pineapples as tee markers instead of the traditional wood or plastic ones. "It's great," Doug Sanders remarked as the tournament began. "If you finish out of the money, you can always eat the markers." But Sanders had his pineapple

and ate it, too. He finished in a tie for third, winning \$5,150, and on Saturday he got hungry after five holes and had the 6th tee for lunch.

DIAL-A-COACH

College football coaches have come up with a new way to play *Meet the Press*. Looking ahead to their next game, they simply speak their thoughts into a tape recorder and then invite sportswriters to phone any time for the lowdown, just as one would phone the weather number. This practice not only saves the coach precious time but has other obvious advantages. In the days preceding the Notre Dame-Michigan State game, for example, Ars Pareghian's recorded message said not a word on that nasty subject, the 1966 tie, and, of course, there was no way reporters could trap the tape with a leading question.

Now the University of Pittsburgh has informed its friends in the press that Coach Dave Hart cuts a fresh two-minute tape each day. Those interested in hearing Hart can dial 683-9262. The daily message is called HART-Y-TALK. Since his team has a 1-7 record—and, with Army and Penn State looming ahead, is a solid bet to go the rest of the way without another win—the messages can hardly be heartening.

THE AMERICA'S DEMITASSE

If you haven't seen the latest issue of *One-Design & Offshore Yachtsman*, you may have missed a proposal for the America's Cup made by Britain's foremost sailing writer, Jack Knights. We pass it along because it seems to have merit.

"There is a good case," Mr. Knights writes, "for fighting the next Cup challenge at the model level. The challenging designer and Olin Stephens would carry their own hulls into the tank at Hoboken (a neutral tank would be fairer but we must follow the spirit of the existing conditions), various up and down runs would be made, followed by some of the new rough water and turning tests. Water flow past fin and hull would be observed by the immaculately uniform New York Yacht Club Cup Committee from underwater windows. The party would then adjourn to the wind tunnel for further assessment of drag and lift past sails and rig. As a sop to tradition, statistics (height, weight, biceps, chest measurement, maximum number of sit-

continued

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SCORECARD continued

ups, etc.) of each of the crewmen who would have sailed in the real yacht had it been built would be fed into a simple computer and a crew factor added to the data already collated.

"Finally the sums would be done and the winner chosen. Think of what would be saved if the America's Cup was held this way. All this wealth could then be diverted to truly sporting aspects of yachting."

RACE RECESS

In Australia, Melbourne Cup Day, the first Tuesday in November is the Antipodes' equivalent of our Fourth of July. No one works, and normally the courts close. But this year Judge Roland Leckie, who was in the process of charging the jury in one of Australia's biggest criminal trials, decided to continue on race day. Five minutes before post time he announced there would be a break. Dressed in his purple-and-crimson robes and wearing his white wig, he retired to his chambers to listen to the cup broadcast, the jury started a pool on the race in the jury room, and the barristers and the accused—four men charged with attempting a \$1 million forgery—tuned in on transistor radios.

A horse named Red Hand won but nobody moved for a mistrial.

THEY SAID IT

- Edwin Cady, Indiana University English professor, after the Hoosiers were outpassed, outgamed and outthirsted by Wisconsin, but still managed to win: "We have had enough moral victories over the years, it is high time we had an immoral one."
- Keith Allen, coach of Philadelphia's new NHL team: "I wouldn't play in the goal if they boarded it up."
- Alex Hannum, of Wilt Chamberlain, who did not attempt a single field goal in a recent game against the San Francisco Warriors: "Wilt is a very gentle man. He doesn't want to hurt anyone. He is actually afraid he is going to break someone's arm someday when he goes up for a shot. I'm constantly after him to be more aggressive."
- Joe Namath, asked if the Jets had practiced against the Kansas City Chief tactic of putting 6'9" Ernie Ladd and 6'7" Buck Buchanan on the same side of the pass-rush line: "Who are you going to practice throwing against? The New York Knicks?"

END

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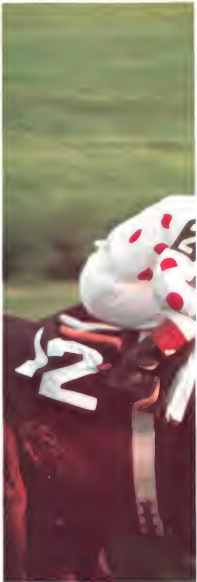
THE WRONG AMERICAN

Damascus was supposed to win the International at Laurel but he couldn't get past a horse who almost was not invited to race **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Two hours before last week's International, Jockey Manuel Ycaza was sitting with his wife Linda in Laurel's Directors' Room. Linda, a dark beauty who had struggled to the Maryland track with a frightful cold and a temperature of 101°, drank a glass of tomato juice while Manuel studied his program. "This may sound silly," said Ycaza, who looks interviewers as well as opponents squarely in the eye when he turns serious, "but the horse I'm riding today, Fort Marcy, is positively going to win this race. Mind you, I think Damascus is a great horse, maybe one of the greatest ever seen in America. But today I am going to beat him. Fort Marcy is at his best on turf; despite everything that Damascus has done before today, he has never raced on grass, and I just feel he is going to find it different. I know he is the best horse in the race, but I am going to beat him. I just know it." Manuel rose from the table to go get dressed. Linda looked up and said through her snuffles, "Just come back safe. That's all I ask."

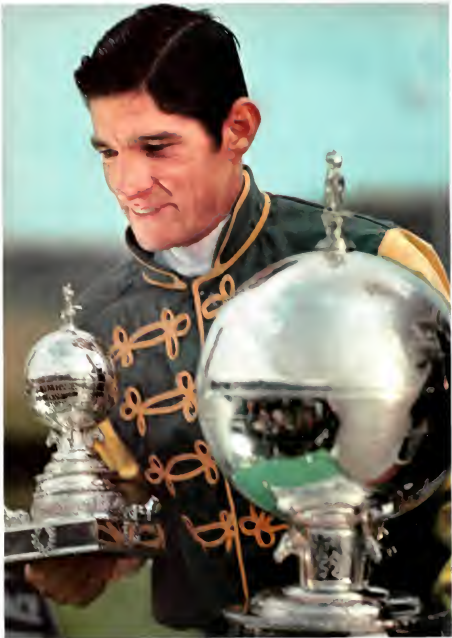
"I shall come back safe and victorious," Ycaza replied grandiloquently, and he bent down and kissed her gently twice upon the lips. Lacking only a cape and sword to complete the scene, Ycaza swept from the milieu of merriment and laughter on his way to the work at hand.

That work, requiring the artistry of a gifted athlete attuned to the ability of a bay 3-year-old gelding, was over shortly before 4 o'clock last Saturday. In front of 33,000 fans jammed into the Laurel stands, Ycaza drove Fort Marcy down to the wire of the mile-and-a-half International a bobbing nose in front of Damascus, *continued*





Battling for the lead with each stride, Damascus (No. 1) and Port Mercy held head and head in the stretch until Port Mercy poked a nose in front.



in the most thrilling of all these races and one of the best of the year in this country or in any other where the game is played. Back in the Directors' Room, this time for champagne, Manuel kissed Linda again, broke into a wide grin and exclaimed, "Well, I told you what I was going to do, didn't I?"

The 16th International was expected to be among Damascus, Fort Marcy and a leading English contender, Ribocco. Instead it turned out to be a duel, but with some early excitement as well as some rough stuff along the way. Bill Shoemaker can do just about anything he wants with Damascus and was even prepared to go to the front if the pace was too slow. Everyone believed—correctly, as it turned out—that the pace would probably be provided by the entries from Canada and Japan. He's A Smoothie and Speed Symbol. Yeaza's orders were to stay close to the pace. "But, for God's sakes, don't choke him," said Trainer Elliott Burch, who handles Fort Marcy for Owner Paul Mellon. "Let him run when he wants to—and he'll want to."

Almost immediately after the start, which was a good one for all but the English filly In Command, who broke slowly, He's A Smoothie shot to the lead. Before the nine-horse field was halfway around the first turn the Canadian champion had a four-length lead over Japan's Speed Symbol. Yeaza had Fort Marcy perfectly placed in the third spot, with Damascus and Australia's Tobin Bronze next. Trouble of sorts came in the clubhouse turn, after the field had passed the stands the first time. Shoe and Damascus, still fourth and hugging the rail, bumped with Tobin Bronze, just to the outside. Each rider, Shoemaker and Aussie Jim Johnson, thought the other was to blame, actually, both probably were guilty. Up the backstretch Shoe again found himself in trouble. The Japanese colt had been doing a good job of tracking the Canadian, but he was getting weary. Suddenly, as Shoe was to note, "The Jap dropped over in front of me and I had to check. It cost me a length, no more, but still, a length is a length. When I checked I had to stand straight up to keep from running up on Speed Symbol's heels."

While all this was going on and while

the rest of the field was well out of contention, He's A Smoothie still held the lead. But now it was Fort Marcy's turn. He went to the front after leaving the half-mile pole on the way into the far turn. "I was forced to take the lead a little sooner than I wanted to," said Yeaza later, "to avoid getting into any trap. I found myself outside the Canadian and I knew Damascus was free from the rail by then and was coming up on the outside of me. I didn't want to choke any horse, so the only thing to do was to go on with him."

By now Shoemaker had worked Damascus out of his difficulties and was racing up to make his challenge. It was apparent, as he rolled around to the quarter pole, that from here on the race would be decided between him and Fort Marcy. And what a stretch battle it turned out to be! At the 8th pole they were still head and head, and they were that way to the wire. The difference was that Shoe had used Damascus to get out of trouble and to overtake Yeaza, while Manny, after taking the lead early, still had some horse left for the final yards that count most. "I had a half-way fresh horse even at the 16th pole," said Manuel.

"I'll say he did," Shoemaker agreed. "Usually when I get Damascus head and head with any horse at the 8th pole it's all over for the other guy. This time we ran up against a horse with some reserve." The reserve was just enough for Fort Marcy to get the job done.

A big surprise was Australia's Tobin Bronze, who finished only 3½ lengths behind Damascus after having just completed a 10,000-mile trip, spending nearly 70 hours on his feet in transit. The speedsters, He's A Smoothie and Speed Symbol, hung on to be fourth and fifth, while behind them came the French filly Casque Grise, then England's disappointing Ribocco, Chateaubriand from Venezuela and the only other filly in the race, Mrs. Ogden Hammond's In Command.

Fort Marcy's winning time of 2:27 was not remarkable (way off Kebe's track record of 2:23 4/5), but nothing should be taken away from his victory. In turn, Damascus' defeat cannot be blamed on his unfamiliarity with grass or on Shoemaker's judgment during the early running. The filly, in fact, indi-

cates that when he did check to avoid possible trouble with the Japanese horse, he probably did so more in anticipation of the foreigner stopping directly in front of him than to avoid any immediate danger. "I certainly can't blame the grass for his loss," said Shoemaker. "But it was his first time out on turf and he was running against a horse who was good on grass to begin with. Fort Marcy had won four stakes on grass this year and was unlucky not to have won both the United Nations and the Man of War besides."

"He was unlucky in both those races," agreed Elliott Burch. "But I knew this time that if anything happened to Damascus he had a hell of a shot. This gelding—he's by Amerigo out of a Princequillo mare—is tops on grass, and Yeaza gave him an ideal ride. I don't like to see great horses beaten any more than the next man, but if Damascus had to be beaten I'm glad we're the ones who did it."

Yeaza seconded this. "I feel badly for the public," he said, "and for the people who own him when a horse like Damascus is beaten. But when it's time to ride against big horses, I am not really thinking about the opposition. When Damascus came up head and head to me in the stretch, I am not thinking about how great he is. I am thinking of nothing but riding my own horse."

The Damascus people that Manuel Yeaza was talking about, an assorted group of Bancrofts and Woodwards who have spent much of the year watching their champion run up record earnings of \$817,941, understand these sentiments. So, fortunately, do the hundreds of owners, trainers and jockeys who in less than two decades have helped Laurel's John Schapiro build a successful International race.

The Fort Marcy people have one more item to add to those that made Saturday memorable for them. Their horse was third on the list from which one was to be chosen to join Damascus as the U.S. entry. And he was held so lightly that he went off in the race at better than 8 to 1, while Damascus was bet down to 3 to 5.

In the view of most gamblers, Fort Marcy was the "wrong" American horse. In every other respect, though, he was just right. **END**

Triumphant Manuel Yeaza, after a perfect ride on Fort Marcy, holds the replica of the International Trophy that goes to the winning jockey.

PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO TRIGLO

JUST TOO SOPHISTICATED TO WIN

The San Francisco 49ers began this season, as they have so many others, with high hopes. As usual, they have been unruffled by defeat, and Sunday's loss to Washington may have sealed their doom **by TEX MAULE**

In the brief span of 36 seconds the hagridden San Francisco 49ers recapitulated the long and frustrating history of their scowls as a professional football team. It was in the third period and the San Franciscans were cheerfully trying to protect or amplify a 14-3 lead over the not-too-potent Washington Redskins. The 49ers themselves had not looked overpowering in the first half, but they seemed to be playing crisp, competent football and to have the Redskins well under control. San Francisco, however, is a team that has lived a long time as the stepchild of disaster, and this afternoon was to be no different from a dozen or two others in the 21 years that the club has been looking for a division championship.

Washington kicked off to open the second half. John Brodie, the 49ers' million-dollar quarterback, sent Ken Willard rumbling through a sizable crack in the Redskin defensive line. The big fullback gained an impressive eight yards before fortune gave San Francisco its first jolt. Willard fumbled, and Ed Breeding, substituting for Sam Huff as a Redskin middle linebacker, picked the ball off and returned it three yards to the San Francisco 26-yard line. From there Sonny Jurgensen worked it down to the two and then passed to End Jerry Smith for the touchdown.

Well, it was still 14-10 and, aside from this particular series, the Redskins had not looked formidable. Gene Mango, a refugee from the American Football League, kicked off. The ball was fielded by Doug Cunningham, a rookie from the University of Mississippi, who returned it with style and speed to the San Francisco 29-yard line, and that is where jolt No. 2 occurred. Hit hard, Cunningham fumbled the ball to Mango, who accepted it with surprise.

Not many seconds later Washington

scored again, and suddenly San Francisco was behind 17-14. While the 49ers rallied to take the lead twice more before the game ended, it was this sudden reversal of fortune that ended their hopes on Sunday.

Not that fate was any kinder later in the game. Things like this happen to San Francisco's Mango, who may be the wildest field-goal kicker in pro football today, had missed a couple of early attempts from the 33- and 34-yard lines by half the width of the football field. Late in the third period, after the dogged 49ers had gone ahead again 21-17, no one took it very seriously when Mango

lined up to try a field goal for the Redskins from 49 yards out.

But Mango outdid himself. He not only missed the goalposts, he missed the entire end zone as well, and the attempted field goal went out of bounds on the San Francisco three-yard line. This unlooked-for contretemps put the San Franciscans deep in a hole they could not climb out of. On Washington's next set of downs, Jurgensen passed the Redskins right back into the lead. The game ended with Washington ahead 31-28 as Brodie tried a short pass to Willard. Unaware that he was the intended receiver, Willard never looked around.



The 49ers: Ken Willard, here taking a pitchout from John Brodie, fumbled to set up a Redskin

So, in this game, as in so many games and seasons in the past, San Francisco began with hopes, strong performance and some plan and wound up defeated. The loss puts the 49ers at five wins and four losses and practically eliminates them from any chance of winning their division, since the Baltimore Colts won their seventh game without a loss and now lead San Francisco by a full three games with five to go.

Frustration is not a new emotion for the 49ers. Only Pittsburgh in the National Football League has known a longer period without a championship of any kind, but at least the Steelers have had no pretensions to grandeur for most of the years of their despair.

The 49ers were organized in 1946 by Tony Morabito, an excitable man who made a fortune hauling lumber and who for a long time seemed on the verge of losing it supporting his football team. For the four years that the old All-America Conference survived, the 49ers were second best. When they joined the NFL in 1950, they were considerably worse than that before they built up to the first of their many letdowns.

In 1957, with one of the finest back-

fields in NFL history—Y. A. Tittle at quarterback, Joe Perry and Hugh McElhenry and John Henry Johnson as the running backs—San Francisco finished the regular season tied with the Detroit Lions for first place in the West. In the play-off game that followed, the 49ers built up a 27-7 lead, and the long-suffering San Francisco fans were nonnally exuberant. They were premature. San Francisco lost 31-27.

That was 10 years ago. Time and again since their near miss, the 49ers have seemed ready to make a strong move. After John Brodie replaced Tittle and Red Hickey took over as head coach, they shocked the football world with the shotgun formation, operated by three quarterbacks—Brodie, Bill Kilmer and Bobby Waters. The shotgun exploded for 49 points against Detroit, but Clark Shaughnessy, then the coach of the Chicago Bear defense, found and exploited the weaknesses in that offense.

Until 1965, when the nucleus of the current team came to San Francisco, the club floundered. Then Willard and John David Crow combined to give Brodie unaccustomedly strong running to balance his passing and the 49ers finished fourth at 7-6-1. Last year only a loss on the final day of the season kept them out of second place.

So long a history of melancholy has no clear-cut explanation. The San Francisco players, by and large, have been as good as any in the league. The coaching has more often than not been better than average, and the San Francisco management has been paternalistic in the good sense of that word. They have carried one of the highest payrolls in the league ever since the club was formed.

One veteran, looking back over the tantalizing years he has spent with the team, shook his head when he was asked to explain the unending failure of the team. "I've tried to figure it out," he said. "We've had lots of injuries over the years, but that's part of the game. I think the real trouble is that we're not a mentally tough club. I hate to say that, but I think that may be it."

San Francisco itself is a sophisticated city with none of the raw enthusiasms and drives of such places as Green Bay, Chicago, Los Angeles or Baltimore. Most football teams are considered to reflect the personality of the coach, but with the 49ers it may be the city. They have remained unfulfilled by defeat even

under the whiplash contempt of Hickey, who quit the club in 1963 after he had found it impossible to create in the players his own fierce desire to win.

This year the 49ers have had more than their usual share of injuries. Willard has had bad feet, Dave Parks, the All-Pro end, has had a series of nagging illnesses and injuries. John Thomas, an all-league offensive guard, tore ligaments in both knees on the same play in Philadelphia, and last week Monty Stacks, the veteran tight end, broke his arm. Although there have been rumors that as many as six members of the team are playing out their options, in fact only two—injured substitute Quarterbacks George Mira and Parks—have not signed new contracts.

Sitting relaxed in the dressing room before Sunday's game, Brodie seemed cheerful. He has not had a sparkling season, but some of his difficulties may have come from the multiplicity of receivers he has had to throw to.

"We have to have help from someone else," he said. "But you know this league. Anyone can win. All you need is luck. We lost a couple of games we shouldn't have, and those put us deep in trouble. We should have beaten the Rams last week, but we had the ball for 13 minutes and 20 seconds in the first quarter, 20 plays to the Rams' three, and we got only seven points. Then we should not have let Detroit beat us. Our only bad game was at Baltimore."

Jack Christensen, the tall, quiet head coach of the team, has, like previous 49er coaches, learned to live with adversity, although not comfortably. "The Detroit game really hurt us," he said. "They have Jim David coaching defense for them now and Jim was with us a long time. He knows just where the weaknesses are, and Detroit blitzed through those weaknesses. Still, we were in the game until the last period. Maybe we'll get some breaks now."

The breaks were conspicuously absent in Washington. Next week San Francisco plays at Green Bay; then comes Baltimore again, and Dallas, and it will take a lot of breaks to pull the 49ers through those games. Not long ago, to keep overzealous fans out of the players' hair, the 49ers put up a six-foot cyclone fence around the field at Kezar Stadium. They may have to make it taller if the spectators decide to take out their frustrations on the team. **END**



score later ran for touchdown to regain lead

A VERY GOOD START FOR EGYPT

And a very good finish for the U.S. as the dreams of Cherif and Mohamed vanish before the certainties of record-breaking Arnold and Jack in the World Cup matches at Mexico City's Club de Golf **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

Oh, it was a shame," said Cherif el Sayed Cherif as he sipped coffee in the clubhouse grillroom late Saturday afternoon. "It was such a shame."

And when you finally got used to the idea that Cherif el Sayed Cherif of Cairo and Mohamed Said Moussa of Alexandria had come to Mexico City with every serious intention of defeating Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus—as well as two-man teams from 38 other countries—and winning the World Cup matches on behalf of Egypt, you more or less had to agree that it was a shame. After nine holes of leading the tournament and two days of optimistic develop-

ments, they had come apart on the 8th hole at formidable Club de Golf Mexico. And it hurt.

The pain of it tells something about what it is like for an obscure pair of golfers to travel 7,500 miles or so, their hopes flying in the breeze and visions of a triumphant homecoming dancing in their heads, only to come face to face with the reality of Palmer and Nicklaus.

These were not two dumdum players taking a free pass to some international goodwill gathering. They had learned their golf caddy-slag for the British and their rich countrymen. Cherif at the Gezira Sporting Club in Cairo, Mohamed at the New Sports Club of Smouha in Alexandria—learned it well.

They had seen all the best foreign golfers during the years when the Egyptian Open used to attract a pretty talented field, and each of them had played in the World Cup (which up to this year was the Canada Cup) nine times. Cherif had modeled his compact, classic swing after Sam Snead. Mohamed's more fluid action would grab a few ohs and ahs at Augusta.

The Egyptians looked like athletes, too. Both are close to six feet and stocky. Cherif's tightly cropped hair is just catching its first flecks of gray, and his dark face is ruffled by all those winds off the Sahara. Mohamed, an inch or so taller, could make it as the leading man in an Yvonne de Carlo Harlem epic. Striding down the fairway on Saturdays in their tasteful golf jerseys and slacks, their hopes still intact, they were a team you could pull for. The Arabian Knights ride again.

It is part of the nature of the World Cup that it brings together golfers from places like Czechoslovakia and Morocco and Paraguay and gives them a round-trip ticket from Pan-Am, a free room at the local Hilton, \$500 in greenery and a sort of worm's-eye look at the world of such celebrities as Palmer, Nicklaus, Gary Player, Bob Charles and others

who pass through the same hotel lobby or change shoes in the same locker room. A few of the bolder ones try to talk to Arnold, "I'd like to get a shipment of your clubs," they usually use as an ice-breaker.

That, in fact, was exactly the conversation between Palmer and Mohamed Said Moussa on the afternoon of the second round at Mexico City, when things were still looking fairly rosy for the Egyptians. Mohamed pointed out that he himself was playing with Arnold Palmer clubs, the foreign variety manufactured by Dunlop in England. Palmer was delighted, of course.

Since there was nowhere farther to go on that topic, Mohamed asked, "You like to play with us tomorrow?"

"With pleasure," Palmer replied.

"We play with you, maybe we shoot 64," Mohamed said, feeling a bit more sure of himself. Arnold smiled politely.

Which is about as close as the world of Palmer and Nicklaus ever gets to that of Cherif and Moussa. While Arnold and Jack are cruising around from week to week in their private jets, the Egyptians are home trying to make a living out of the meager business of golf. When a new shipment of clubs and balls arrives from England, they and the pros from Egypt's other courses (including the nine-hole layout alongside the pyramids where goats graze on the fairways and the sphinx smiles as you slice) must go down to customs and haggle over the paperwork for hours.

Once the new equipment arrives at their pro shops, the government tells them how much they can charge, generally a markup of around 10%, as compared with anywhere from 40% up in the U.S. Lessons are even less rewarding—\$2.50 an hour, and the same for an 18-hole playing lesson.

Egypt's courses, for all their scenic wonder, lack the testing qualities that are so necessary if you are to learn to play championship golf. Rough is al-



Leader Palmer can afford an unruffled game.



Worried Mohamed recovers from under a tree.



Tasse Cherif agonizes while putting still matter.

most nonexistent, mainly because club members have an aversion to losing balls. Tournaments, except for the frequent pro-ams, are scarce.

"We can practice plenty," Cherif explains, "but we lazy a lot. What we need to find is a good game. The most we need is competition. First time I play in England in front of a lot of people I hit my first tee shot 50 yards, straight up in the air high I swear."

Last week in Mexico City it was not exactly a case of no sweat. What happened to the Egyptians—and what happened to Palmer and Nicklaus—epitomized the World Cup. Like the Chinese (Hsieh Yung-yo was catching Palmer on Friday) and the Puerto Ricans (David Jiménez was tied with Nicklaus), the Egyptians enjoyed their moments of glory. At the end of the first day they had posted an even-par 144, a significant accomplishment on a 7,250-yard course whose fairways are lined by 400,000 trees. "What time will the news of our score get back to Cairo?" Cherif asked the following morning. After all, they were only four strokes behind the Americans. The next day was not so good—a 75 for Cherif and a 74 for Mohamed—but still, they were tied for ninth and only 12 strokes back.

Then came Saturday and, oh, it was a shame.

"We start good, very good," said Cherif, which was certainly true, for they quickly went three under par. "Every shot, it is right for the pin. Then all of a sudden, bad luck."

The bad luck first took the form of a drive that Mohamed hit into the trees on the 8th hole. Then he hit another tree, and got a bad bounce as well. It added up to a triple bogey. On the back nine it was Cherif, who is 43, nine years older than Mohamed, who howled to the pressure after the misfortune of having an excellently hit iron shot fall short by inches and bury itself hopelessly in the face of a bunker, causing his first of three double bogeys. The day ended with the Egyptians 28 strokes behind Palmer and Nicklaus, and Sunday merely left them 17 more strokes back and in a tie for 16th place. But they had, after all, gotten some of the competition they wanted, and they had gotten to talk to Arnold Palmer.

By the time Palmer had reached Mexico City to play in his version of the World Cup about the only person he

was talking to was himself. He felt as though he had traveled more than all the rest of the international field put together. He had, in fact, covered 47,000 miles since late September—New York, Tokyo, London, Houston, Las Vegas, Hawaii, Mexico City—and played a tournament each week. "I can hardly drag one foot after the other," he said before the competition began. "But I'll get myself cranked up somehow."

Palmer likes the World Cup. He is pleased to represent the U.S. and he is proud that he has been on six winning cup teams in the past. There was not much doubt about him getting cranked up somehow, and he did. In spite of frustratingly slow play, an annoying ear infection that he picked up in Hawaii and an eyeful of sand that he threw into his own face with a bunker shot, Palmer prevailed right from the beginning. His opening round of 68 tied him for the individual lead, and combined with Nicklaus' even-par 72 gave the Americans the team advantage by one stroke over Argentina. On the next day, Friday, Palmer tied for the low round again with a 70, and a Nicklaus 71 put the U.S. six strokes up. On Saturday, Nicklaus—who had been doing things that stunned the excitable Mexican gallery, such as reaching the 573-yard 11th hole with a drive and a five-iron—took up the leadership of the U.S. came with a 69 to Palmer's 71. The U.S. was now nine strokes ahead of second-place Argentina, and 73 strokes in front of Morocco, in case Rabat wants to know.

Sunday concluded the formalities. Palmer, not quite so care-worn now that he sensed the opportunity not only to join Nicklaus in a U.S. victory but to beat Jack in the individual scoring, played masterful golf. He hit his approach four feet from the hole at the 7th, two feet away at the 8th, and a foot away at the 9th as he played the first nine in 32 and came back in 35 for a 67 that made him the tournament low scorer by five strokes with a record-breaking 276. Nicklaus, meanwhile, had a 69 as the U.S. won the World Cup by 13 strokes over New Zealand.

There was a brief presentation ceremony, and moments later the pros were hurrying to planes for places like La Trobe, Pa., Columbus, Ohio and Cairo. "Too bad, too bad," said a subdued Cherif as he left. "But maybe someday we do better."

END



Getting an early introduction to the Welsh national game, children gaze from the crowded stands in Cardiff

THE DAY THE ALL-BLACKS ATTAINED THE ZENITH

"We shall stand as children of the sun, the New Zealand national Rugby team song said, and stand the All-Blacks did, but in rain and gloom as they beat Wales before a boisterous crowd

by GWILYM S. BROWN

The little island nation of New Zealand (pop. 2.7 million) has given the world more than its share of sporting heroes. Peter Snell won two Olympic gold medals on the track at the 1964 Olympics. Bob Charles was the first left-handed golfer ever to win a major championship—the 1963 British Open. Denis Hulme is now the world road-racing champion. But please do not bore a New Zealander with tales of Runner Snell or Golfer Charles or Driver Hulme. The conversational spark will ignite only when you talk to him about Rugby. Rugby is the national sport of New Zealand, played by New Zealanders from the time they are old enough to know that Kiri does not necessarily stand for shoe polish. Talk to him especially about the All-Blacks, the national all-star team that is now in the midst of a 16-match tour of Europe and that just happens to be the

Illustration by Bruce DUNN



At the New Zealand All Blacks' haka, before the September 1995 match, they sang and danced as a haka. (AP Photo/Markus Schloesser)

biggest, toughest and best Rugby team there is anywhere.

Of course, this last statement might be disputed on the little peninsula of Wales (pop. 2.8 million). Wales has given the world more than its share of heroes, sporting and otherwise. Lynn Davies, the defending Olympic broad jump champion, for one. Or how about a British prime minister, a brilliant poet, a couple of film stars and even a wizard or two? But here again, please do not bore a Welshman with talk of broad jumpers, or David Lloyd George, Dylan Thomas, Richard Burton or Merlin. Talk to him about Rugby. That is the way to really get a Welshman's *lass* flowing. Rugby is the national sport of Wales, too, and it is played by Welshmen from the time they are old enough to put the slug on anyone with the temerity to teatle that scurrilous

old limerick about Taffy, the best that

You may also talk about the All-Blacks in Wales, but duck. The Welsh just do not happen to agree that the All-Blacks are the biggest, toughest and best Rugby team there is anywhere. And until last week, they had the record to prove it. Saturday afternoon in a howling gale and rain that ripped horizontally across Cardiff Arms Park, before a mowed chorus of 58,000 singing Welsh Rugby fans whose national spirit, whose *hwi* was at a feverous Celtic pitch, Wales lost to New Zealand 13-6. The All-Blacks still had 10 more games to play, and some tough ones, to be sure, but they had now won the game they wanted most of all.

The first began back in 1905 at the first Rugby meeting between the two countries at Cardiff Arms Park. Trailing 3-0 in the closing moments of the game,

and with the Welsh crowd in an uproar, New Zealand seemed to have scored what might have been the winning try when Center Bob Deans, squaring in the grasp of two Welsh tacklers, lunged just across the Welsh goal line. Unfortunately for New Zealand, the referee, a Scot, did not see it that way. Out of position and coming up late, he ruled that Deans had not made it. The score stood 3-0 for Wales and New Zealand suffered its only loss in a 35-match tour of Britain, France and Canada. For 62 years the incident has served as Rugby's version of the Dimples-Tunney long count or the Cornell-Darimouth fifth down.

Nor in its subsequent tours has New Zealand lost very often, except to the Welsh. In their first five tours the All-Blacks won 156 matches and lost only nine. Six of these losses came in Wales,

—Graham

three times to national teams, three times to Welsh club teams.

"The Welsh are the team we absolutely have to beat," says Ian MacRae, a rangy lumber-company executive from Hawke's Bay who is a hard-running back on the All-Blacks and this year's vice-captain. "South Africa has slipped in the last couple of years. So has Australia. The English give up too easily once you get them down. But you know you're in a game with the Welsh. With them it's anything goes. They fight you right to the death."

"Why, they are absolute fanatics," adds Fergie McCormick, a short stock

slaughterman from Canterbury and the All-Blacks' starting fullback.

A few sporting historians claim that the great affection the Welsh have for Rugby has something to do with the vast lack of love they feel for their English neighbors across Bristol Channel. The Welsh have their own language and national pride, and often they feel stifled in the stiff-upper-lip atmosphere of things English. How to cancel their frustration has long been a vexing problem. They do supply the west of England with water, however, and a nice, rough contact sport gives them another chance.

"The cry you often hear around here

is 'Cut off their water and maim them at Rugby,'" chuckles Rhys Williams, Welsh to the core, a cheerful, husky, broad-shouldered man who has maimed more than his share of Englishmen as a many-time member of past Welsh national Rugby teams. "But I think the reason we are so keen on Rugby when all around us they play soccer is because it's suited to our national psychology. It's a rough game, and we like action. We like to express ourselves."

The Welsh took advantage of a chance to express themselves, at least against the All-Blacks, three days before the big match at Cardiff. This year's New Zealand team is something of a switch from tradition. Rugby is a complex game, even its own rule book requires 22,000 words to explain it, but suffice it to say that past New Zealand teams have won with brute strength rather than with agile speed and ball handling. U.S. football fans know the style as "three yards and a cloud of dust." This year, however, All-Black Coach Fred Allen promised wide-open, exciting Rugby and brother, did they provide it, fair weather or foul. The All-Blacks notched two routs in Canada and swept easily, wide-openly through four games in England, including a 23-11 victory over the English national team. Then at Swansea, against a combined team representing West Wales, the All-Blacks got a bit of a jolt, trailing 14-13 with only eight minutes left, they just managed to pull the game out with two late tries.

With this near-miss as inspiration the crowd in Cardiff was fit to hust with *hwi!* by game time. Those 58,000 pairs of lungs were roaring out such songs as *Land of my Fathers*, and those well-known favorites, *Blawenau*, *Suspar Furf*, *Cwm Llan* and *Rhufe*, with such joyous fervor that the din brought tears to the eyes of every Welsh rugby fan, old or new, and shook the stones of nearby Cardiff Castle. The singing started an hour before the kickoff and continued into the second half. The New Zealanders countered with their own war chant, a song in Maori that ascends to those brave words, "*Kia te au i hi*" (We shall stand as children of the sun) and tops out with "*E au iho nei*" (We shall attain the zenith!).

For some inexplicable reason, possibly because his mind was maddled by the spirit of the occasion, Welsh Captain Norman Gale chose to defend the east

continued



The action is rugged as a Welshman flings himself free from a scrum and passes to a teammate.



Spindly but nimble BW Birnieite sprints down sideline to score All-Blacks' first try.



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goal at the start of the game, thus facing his team squarely into the fierce wind that was sweeping in from the west off the River Taff. With the wind at their backs the big, mobile New Zealand forwards were able to contain Wales in its own territory while the All-Blacks went about the business of scoring. After 10 minutes, following a Welsh offside during a scrum, Fullback McCormack booted a 22-yard penalty kick squarely through the uprights, and New Zealand was ahead 3-0. Seven minutes later the All-Blacks scored again. The ball popped out of a scrum about 20 yards short of the Welsh goal line, was quickly picked up by a New Zealand back and pitched out to Right Center Bill Davis, already sprinting hard toward the left sideline. As he was tackled Davis span the ball over to Left Wing Bill Bertwistle. Bertwistle, who has a gaunt face that bears an amazing resemblance to the beardless Abraham Lincoln, weighs only 156 pounds, light for a Rugby player, but, oh, is he nimble. Running as if he feared instant annihilation at the hands of a brutish Welsh defender, Bertwistle skittered down the sideline and dived across at the corner. McCormack converted

the try, and New Zealand led 8-0.

This turned out to be the winning margin, but it was not an easy one to hold. Welsh teams usually make effective use of speed in the backfield combined with tricky ball handling and passing, but the weather conditions kept that kind of wide-open game to a minimum. Nevertheless, with the wind at their backs in the second half they scored three points off a 20-yard drop kick by Halfback Barry John and appeared to be ready to make the game even closer. That is, until disaster struck. Following a mauling pileup at about mid-field, New Zealand was given a penalty kick from 45 yards out. McCormack's attempt was short all the way, but John Jeffery, standing astride the goal line to catch it, let the wet and slippery ball slither through his arms. As the wave of 15 black-clad New Zealanders pounded downfield toward him, Jeffery rummaged on the ground for agonizing moments. When he finally got a grip on the ball, he straightened up and tried to toss it over to one of his backs. The pass was more of a flutter than a flip. All-Black Right Center Davis burst through the line of bright-red Welsh jerseys, snatched

the ball out of the air before it ever got to where it was supposed to be going and thumped it onto the ground behind the goal line. McCormack converted, New Zealand, leading 13-3, reverted to three yards and a wallop of mud and the Welsh rugger were as flat as the 58,000 fans who looked on in songless despair for the remaining 27 minutes of the game.

After it was all over, All-Black Vice-Captain MacRae, resting in a deep tub of hot water, the flesh around his right eye puffy from a blow he had received late in the game, seemed almost apologetic about the result. "It wasn't what you'd call a fantastic game, was it?" he said. "The conditions were just too difficult. But those Welsh, as usual, were just magnificent. I can tell you, we are all very, very happy to have beaten them."

And the Welsh? Well, they get two more chances to sing. Next month the All-Blacks return for matches against Monmouthshire in Newport and against East Wales at Cardiff Arms Park. Cardiff Castle may yet rock to the bellowed choruses of *Land of my Fathers* at the final whistle.

END



In traditional postgame ceremony, Welsh (foreground) like All-Black players exchange jerseys as hero-worshiping youths look on.

THE GREAT ONE CONFRONTS O.J.

A national championship, a bowl bid, a conference title, a Heisman Trophy and the sanity of a city are all part of the stakes as archenemies USC and UCLA prepare for their backyard showdown by DAN JENKINS

It is so garishly theatrical that it really should have started at a soda fountain in a Hollywood dragstore. Like this: there are these two young college guys named Gary Behan and O. J. Simpson, see, and they are sitting there hoping to get this idea for a football show discovered by somebody big. Howard Cosell, maybe. Or Jack Whitaker. But they keep being ignored because it is such a tough town. There is all this competition around from Dodgers and Rams, Angels and Lakers, Kings, Amigos and Toros, who are among the 12,000 professional sports teams in the area. And then there are all of these other diversions that Los Angeles just naturally offers: surfing, sky diving, topless motorcycling, translucent miniskirting and teen-age protesting for the individual's inalienable right to smoke his front lawn. Anyhow, these two college kids, Behan and Simpson (*far cover*), are a little despondent. They don't even want their taco-flavored malteds.

Suddenly one of them has an inspiration. Maybe, just maybe, he thinks, they could put on their own show. Behan knows where there is this old coliseum they could use. Simpson says their schools would probably print up the tickets. Dad and Mom could be the cheerleaders. Dig out the old outfits. Heck, why not? Throw in a few of the old Morley Chury routines. Perhaps a Paul Simon condescendence step. Or the Gernsey Landsdell shuffle. Terrific. And look, Gary Behan has already written the title tune on a napkin: *Buckle Down, John Heisman*.

Yes, it is too Hollywood for belief. That UCLA's glamorous quarterback, Gary Behan, and USC's splendid halfback, O. J. Simpson, could emerge in the same city in the same conference, as two of the best players of 1967, is improbable enough. That they could also wind up quite possibly battling for the national championship, the Pacific Light championship, the Rose Bowl bid and the Heisman Trophy, all on one unbe-



DASHING GARY BEHAN FITS INTO THE PERSONALITY OF THE GOOD SCHOOL. HE PLAYS FOR

able Saturday afternoon, is strictly from the studio lots.

But there it comes this Saturday, the Trojans against the Bruins before 93,000 in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum and millions more on ABC-TV's national telecast—a game that may well be for more trophies, titles and prestige than any single college contest in years.

Of course, the game would be immense, dramatic, historical, all of that, if it matched total strangers under these same conditions. And it is equally true that almost every USC-UCLA game is worthwhile. But to bring two such dedicated enemies, two universities so close in proximity (10 miles) yet galaxies apart in image and attitude, down to so desperate an hour makes the attraction all the more noteworthy.

Consider, first of all, the ironies and contrasts of the campuses. Here sits UCLA, a sprawling state institution with an enrollment of 29,000 students of varying backgrounds, colors, politics and ideals, and with generous portions of everything from hippies to Harlows, located right where, according to USC, it does not belong. UCLA is on a lovely rise called Westwood, just beneath the elegant neighborhood of Bel Air, a five-minute Mercedes ride from the dining, drinking and shopping splendors of Beverly Hills.

And over there sits USC, older by far, the sitting, conservative, private school, with all of its scrubbed, predominantly white, Protestant, slow-smelling, basically upper-middle-class types. Just look where it is, laughs UCLA—practically in the middle of Watts, for goodness sake. Southern Cal's campus is, in fact, flanked by rows of condemned paint stores, gun-parts companies and junk shops, and only a few moments from the disenchantment of downtown L.A.

If USC could pick itself up and move, it probably would, and UCLA might be inclined to suggest Darden, Conn. as a suitable site—or perhaps under a giant old Coldwater billboard in Marin County. For a long time USC was located in a posh area of the city, only the sectors around it changed. There is always much to relish about traditions, and somehow USC's intimate red-brick buildings, its tree-lined streets and the general atmosphere within its boundaries offer more of a collegiate flavor than modern UCLA.

For the steadfast USC man, UCLA

continued



USC, OLDER AND MORE SETTLED IN ITS WAYS, UNSETTLES ITS FOES WITH O. J. SIMPSON

will never represent more than it was in its beginning, a preparatory facility for teachers who wanted to continue their studies elsewhere, a school unwittingly named Los Angeles State Normal, the poor school, the catchall, the school that gave us Tokyo Rose.

On the other hand, UCLA finds it difficult to be troubled these days by whatever USC thinks of it. It is too busy growing. Still pretty much of a commuter school—as is USC—it is so vast that half of the campus could protest the world's wrongdoings and the other half wouldn't know it.

As the real Gary Beban was saying recently, "We have an awful lot of everything around here, so there's really no such thing as a sports celebrity."

There were sports heroes in earlier days, of course, particularly at USC. Over the years no university has enjoyed more all-round athletic success than Southern California, and only Notre Dame has a more treasured football past. In the 1920s and 1930s, before professional sports turned California into a world's fair of promotion, USC was just about the only thing Los Angeles citizens

could take a sporting interest in. They poured into the Coliseum to see Howard Jones's teams win that era's version of national championships. Players like Morley Drury, Russ Saunders, Erny Pinckert, Johnny Baker, Cotton Warburton, Grenny Lansell, Harry Smith, Amby Schindler and Al Krueger enjoyed a celebrity status in L.A. unmatched by almost anyone of the 1960s except Sandy Koufax.

Although UCLA had its brief flurries of figures to worship, such as Kenney Washington in the 1930s and Bob Waterfield in the 1940s, it was not until the late Red Sanders went to Westwood to coach in the 1950s that the Bruins became a force the Trojans would forever have to respect. Sanders turned UCLA into a consistent national power, won a No. 1 ranking in 1954 and established his own instant list of immortals.

Being the rivals they are, the two schools have produced some athletically oriented heroes who never suited up for a game, and a wonderfully inventive group they have been. For instance, ever since a statue of an armed Trojan warrior was unveiled in 1930 at USC, its word repeatedly has been stolen by Bruin invaders. Tommy Trojan, which is the statue's nickname, has frequently been further victimized by daubs of blue and gold paint—UCLA's colors—and by even less acceptable materials.

The nickname, Trojans, came from a sportswriter named Owen R. Bird of the *Los Angeles Times*. In a moment of rare literary achievement in 1912 he wrote of the USC track team, "They worked like Trojans." And so have the pranksters throughout the football series. There was the night that USC students slipped onto the Bruins' campus with brick and mortar and sealed up all the doors and windows of a sorority house. Two UCLA students once rented a single-engine aircraft and strafed the Trojans' campus with blue and gold paint, and two other UCLA students came over in a helicopter one year and attempted to dive-bomb Tommy Trojan with fertilizer. They missed, but the neighborhood was not an inviting place for a few hours.

A group of exceptionally depraved fun-lovers once planted dynamite in the heart of UCLA's homecoming bonfire,

and when it exploded windows were shattered in Bel Air. Sometime Bel Air resident Howard Hughes obviously wasn't home that evening, or he would have bought USC and moved it to Las Vegas.

Not all of the pregame stunts have worked out, naturally. There was the time some Trojans tried to explode a smoke bomb under the UCLA yell leader's platform in the Coliseum. The timing mechanism was set for 2 p.m. so that on the kickoff the Bruin cheerleaders would go up in, well, smoke. But the bomb failed. There was also the fanatic who rigged a land mine under one goal line of the Coliseum and ran the detonator wire to a certain seat in the rooting section. Apparently, his aim was to prevent a touchdown at all possible cost. His plot was uncovered before he was able to blast a hallcarrier into football history.

The only rational explanation for the severity of the pranks is the intensity of the division between the schools, a form of L.A. gap that in the case of this football game extends to the two head coaches, the stars and the style of play that can be expected. USC's Johnny McKay and UCLA's Tommy Prothro are as different as the campuses they represent. Both men have produced winners, have guided All-Americans, have displayed originality and have gotten a consistent effort from their players. They rate, by any standard, among the best coaches in the country. But the similarities end quite abruptly with their reputations and their statistics. As individuals, John McKay and Tommy Prothro are about as much alike as a Trojan and a bear. They differ physically, socially and instinctively, and it is easy to imagine that they might not like one another a whole lot. Respect, yes. Like? No sir.

There are several obvious contrasts in the two men. Prothro is bigger, taller, slightly older and has been a head coach five years longer than McKay. He is quieter, more withdrawn, certainly more secretive. McKay is generally open and friendly, a wisecrack artist in his profession. It is easy to imagine Prothro as a rancher. It is just as easy to imagine McKay, a careful dresser who leans toward sun-bleached slacks, as a golf pro. Among their colleagues, Prothro most closely resembles Alabama's Bear Bryant on draft, manner and attitude. Quick, talkative and well organized in the contemporary, gray-flannel way, McKay is similar to Texas' Darrell Royal.

STAR EYED Marguerite Simpson walks with her husband on USC campus between classes.



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For two men totally committed to their work, they lead very different lives. McKay is at present a little better entrenched in Los Angeles than Prothro, although Prothro was Red Sanders' top assistant in UCLA's glory days before going to Oregon State and manufacturing miracle teams, one of which featured Terry Baker, a Heisman Trophy winner. Prothro has been back as the head coach at UCLA only two full seasons, while McKay has been head coach at USC since 1960, has the security of a national championship behind him ('62), two Rose Bowl appearances and a couple of glittering upsets of Notre Dame, which he loves more than just about anything. McKay's circle of friends is a wide one, and he moves about the city with ease. He is perfectly comfortable in the presence of movie stars, and he knows several well, among them John Wayne and Bill Cosby, both of whom are big USC fans.

By comparison, Prothro is a hermit. He does not play golf, which in itself makes him almost unique among football coaches, nor does he socialize much. Football is both his work and a hobby. He enjoys staying awake for hours fiddling with various football statistics, such as rating the nation's top teams with his own mathematical formula and figuring ways to get better blocking angles off his shifting T, which is really a disguised single wing. The only other games he can tolerate are bridge and chess. Football consumes his life; he once stayed up for 72 consecutive hours preparing for an opponent.

Though he will seldom volunteer a statement about his teams, Prothro does answer intelligent questions directly and honestly and often with a droll humor that will startle the unsuspecting. Only a few days ago, for instance, he made the comment that he had once again voted for USC as the No. 1 team in the UPI coaches' poll, but when a writer asked him why he thought the Trojans were the best team, Tommy smiled, "I didn't say they were the best team. I said I voted for them as No. 1."

There is an equally distinct difference between the two players who have brought their teams to high national ranking—the halfback, Simpson, who rolls right over you, and the quarterback, Behan, who rolls around you.

For the seven and a half games of the season that Orenthal James Simpson has been whole, he has seemed to possess the

finest combination of speed and power within the memory of any pro scout. He rushed for 1,238 yards in that span, and until his mishap in the Oregon game—a sprained ankle that knocked him off his feet and onto crutches—he was a good bet to break the NCAA yardage record. Not only did he crash repeatedly into stacked defenses and still wedge his way out and slice and dart for yardage, he caught passes and threw them at the least expected moments.

A mild, warm, talkative transfer from City College of San Francisco who is a junior now, Simpson was at first pretty bewildered by his achievements and his acclaim. He had never really been an endurance runner. Most of his two seasons at CCSF he divided his time between split end and halfback, but still he scored 54 touchdowns, breaking a record set by Ollie Matson.

McKay was not sure whether Simpson would be a tailback or a flanker or a split end when he recruited him. He found out quickly in spring practice. O.J. attended practice only seven days, partly because he wanted to run on the USC 440-yard relay team that set a world record of 38.6 at the NCAA Championships and partly because the coaches had learned all they needed to know.

"We wanted to see if he could take it inside," said McKay. "We ran him seven straight times in one scrimmage, and that was it. He busted people backward."

Still, O.J. never imagined that he would be asked to carry the ball as often as he has. Like 38 times against Notre Dame, 36 against Michigan State and 30 against both Texas and Washington. "I don't get real tired," he says. "Maybe it's because I'm anticipating that on the next carry I'll break clear. I feel like I can go all the way every time, mainly because we've got such a good line."

McKay feels that Simpson, who is 6' 1" and weighs 202, is the fastest runner for his size who ever played the game. His 9.4 clocking in the 100-yard dash is an often-mentioned figure, but it is not as impressive as his 4.5 at 40 yards in football shoes. USC's other speedster, Earl the Pearl McCullough, has done a 4.4, but he is 35 pounds lighter and one of the world's fastest high hurdlers. The two have taken turns beating each other in-

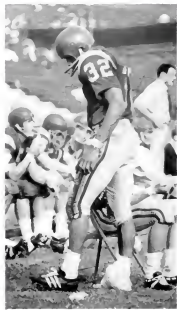
formally in a "football 100," and Simpson has swapped victories with McCullough in the indoor 60-yard dash.

Simpson, who has been married to his high school sweetheart four months and lives in an apartment three blocks from the USC campus, has attracted almost as much attention with his nickname Orange Juice—as he has with his statistics. He did not get the name in southern California. He had it in San Francisco, and he is not sure, but he believes it came from some television commercial about orange juice. (His real name, Orenthal, was given him by an aunt, who, he wryly notes, used things like Stewart and James when the time came to name her own children.)

Coaches, scouts and writers have been trying to figure out all season who it is Simpson's stunning style reminds them of. He has exhibited the raw burst of speed that Mel Renfro had in college and some of the deceptive moves of Gale Sayers. But he also slams in there and breaks tackles like Jim Brown. Give him daylight, and he slides through with the nifty balance of Jon Arnett.

As deft as any move Simpson ever made was the one Southern Cal used to

continued



BIGGEST PAIN in Los Angeles was one as O.J.'s foot, here wrapped in ice shortly after injury.

We built the Hermes 3000 to be the first largefamily typewriter.

Can you think of anything we've forgotten?



USC VERSUS UCLA *continued*

land him and keep him hooked for an extra year at City College of San Francisco when O.J. truly wanted to leave. Simpson was born and grew up in San Francisco, where his father is a custodian for the Federal Reserve Bank. When he graduated from Galileo High School, which also turned loose such athletic figures as Joe DiMaggio, Hank Lupatkin and Lawson Little, his transcript was not the kind that had Harvard seeking out his father at the Federal Reserve. O.J. entered City College of San Francisco in the hope of making good enough grades to get into a major college eventually, probably California. But as soon as he put on a football suit, other schools became interested, among them USC.

"When I decided I wanted to go to USC after my first year in City College, I still did not have the grades," says Simpson. "So I had to make a big decision. Arizona State and Utah sounded good to me because I could go to either one and play ball right away. I almost enrolled at Arizona State, but the USC coaches talked me into holding out for the big time. That is the luckiest thing that ever happened to me, even if I did have to spend another year going to junior college."

By leaving the San Francisco area to go to school down south, Simpson was following at least one pair of noteworthy footsteps: Gary Beban's. "Why, Beban has been my idol," says Simpson. "Seriously. It's funny. He's from my part of the state, and I followed him closely for two years while I was in junior college. I watched him play on television, and in the Rose Bowl and all. He's great, man. It sure seems strange to be on a team now that wants to beat him."

Gary Beban, the UCLA answer to Orange Juice, is one of those athletes who do things with infuriating ease. He paces with classic form, and he runs gracefully, almost in slow motion except that he manages to turn the corners and slide through. When his passes are in the air, the ball somehow looks longer, and the spiral is perfect, as if Beban has figured out exactly how many rotations it should make. His ball handling is superb, his faking even better. But above everything else, Beban has poise.

Says a scout: "He is about the most self-assured player I've ever seen. He knows exactly what he is going to do, and he will spot things out there, file them away mentally and use them on

"You later. You don't judge Behan on how much he does, not on his statistics. He beats you with the 'when' he does something. Invariably it's at the perfect time."

Prothro has often said that Behan can beat you with a run, pass, fake or call, and that his ability to change plays at the scrimmage line is perhaps his finest asset. A familiar sight for three seasons has been Behan behind the center, shifting his backs, then checking, raising his head to survey the defense and shouting another play that unfolds perfectly. In the clutch

"There's something about the way he manages things out there that gives everyone confidence," says Fullback Rick Purdy. "You just know whatever he calls is right." Not that he always does what he calls, as Purdy discovered in the Stanford game three weeks ago. Twice in scoring situations Behan announced in the huddle that Purdy would run a play simply called "power," a smash into the line, and twice Behan, without telling anyone,

kept the ball and walked over for the touchdowns that rescued the Bruins from a poor day, 21-16.

"I think he should have told me, at least, what he was going to do," Purdy says. "The first time, I almost killed myself scrambling around to find the fumble when he took the ball out of my stomach."

Behan grins. "I'd seen the way the end defended us on the play earlier, and I just knew if I kept the ball I'd fool everyone. By not telling anybody, it was even more authentic. I could hear Rick cawing because of his fumble when I went around end, and I had to laugh."

Behan comes about as close to being the cinematic ideal of a college star as anyone can. It has been said that he resembles a young Marlon Brando, but he is not so roughhewn as that. Personable and natural, quick-smiling and polite, he possesses, at 21, a maturity not found in all that many undergraduates. A history major, he will graduate on schedule in June with fairly decent grades.

For a football hero who is about to be proclaimed an All-America, and possibly the Heisman Trophy winner as well—in fact, for one who has been the class quarterback of the nation for three straight seasons and has come to be known as The Great One—Behan continues to live like a freshman. He shares an off-campus apartment with Larry Slagle, a tackle; John Erquaga, a center, and Steve Stanley, a reserve fullback. Fairly good order exists. The floors are reasonably clean, the records in findable condition and all of the knobs on the TV set are intact. Two large photographs are on the wall—the touchdown catches that Behan's receivers, Kurt Altenberg and Dick Witcher, made in the comeback win over USC in 1965. A large Dallas Cowboy poster is also prominent, though Behan is sure to be drafted long before the Cowboys have a turn.

Behan insists he is the farthest thing from a big man on the UCLA campus, or a social lion. He dates irregularly, has not been on the Sunset Strip since

continued

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beards began to grow and his idea of a good time is either loafing around the apartment talking football with his teammates or inviting dates over and showing a film of a game UCLA won.

"I suppose I'm rather ordinary," Beban says. Uh, huh. And O. J. Simpson is ordinary, too.

But of all the differences between USC and UCLA as their big Saturday nears, the one that matters the most is how the two teams play football. Thanks to their coaches, they have different approaches to the game.

McKay's Trojans are basically offensive-minded, though they surely play good defense. The Trojans are attackers. They move the ball from a flamboyant, well-conceived formation that McKay himself has refined to include motion, shifting and zone-wrecking passes. It is the prettiest offense in the land, and lots of smart people are trying to copy it. Prothro's Bruins are defensive fanatics. They are fast and outlandishly aggressive. Like Alabama, Texas, Tennessee, Arkansas, all consistently provoking defensive teams, UCLA swarms on its foe, stacks him, prods him and buzzes around him. It stunts and squirms, hits and slides, penetrates and scrambles and forces mistakes. Offensively, UCLA is cool, balanced and capable of striking fast. If generalities are ever meaningful in such a highly emotional sport, it can be said that USC usually moves the ball better than it plays defense, and UCLA normally is more brutal on defense than it is overwhelming on the attack, even though games like USC's loss to Oregon State 3-0 and UCLA's 48-0 win over Washington suggest the contrary.

Since early in the season when USC and UCLA attained their top-level rankings in the national polls, trying to rate their strengths and deficiencies has been a parlor game. You gave USC a point for offense, UCLA a point for defense. You gave USC strength, but UCLA got quickness. USC had a better blocking line, but UCLA had a better pursuing defense. UCLA had the best passing, but USC had the best receiving. The kicking was even, the coaching was even, and there was no home-field advantage. At first it seemed that USC had struggled through a far more difficult schedule, beating Texas, Michigan State and Notre Dame and losing only to that champion of all upset teams, Oregon State, while UCLA had defeated only Tennessee.

continued



holiday on ice

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

see among the respectable powers. It then occurred to analysts that the Vols might be a better team than any USC has played. On the other hand, UCLA suffered two terribly narrow escapes against weaker teams—Penn State and Stanford—that easily might have defeated the Bruins and tied Oregon State.

"We've been good when we had to," Prothro says.

And McKay replies, "We've had to be good."

For any big football game, there are more so-called intangibles than there are long-lost chums who want tickets. Intangibles involve emotion, character, voodoo, tradition and intuition.

As far as emotion goes, UCLA's players are most likely to look as if they have reached the higher, more frenzied peak, but that is how the Bruins usually look, and how Prothro encourages them to look. The Bruins will hop around like thieves trapped in a corridor. USC will be just as high for the day, but the Trojans will look a lot calmer about things, a lot more workmanlike. They have a way of going about their business almost like pros.

Finally, among other intangibles, there is a belief held by the casual, uninvolved fan in L.A. that Prothro "has McKay's number." You can hear it said almost any time the subject comes up. The theory is supported by the record, in part. They have met four times, and Prothro has won three. But there is also the somewhat conflicting contention that McKay should not have lost either of his last two games to UCLA, that he had far better material, only to have the fates torture him out of victory. This time his material is better yet, it is argued, and surely something good will happen for McKay at last.

So who will win? One day recently, a man who should be able to judge the situation well, John McKay himself, went to a blackboard and evaluated the two teams, player by player. He has a point grading system for this, and when he was through adding point by point, he totaled the figures for each team. Just like in the Hollywood script, they came out exactly equal. When that happened, McKay stepped back from the blackboard and made the least newsworthy comment of the most exciting football season Los Angeles has ever known.

"It's going to be a helluva game," he said.

END

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Guide Division

Some Kool Kyoties get kicked down by a foot

North Carolina State loses its unbeaten status, its high national ranking and the sheen on its fine season as Penn State scores quickly and then holds on and on and on in an unexpected display of defense

Forty seconds remained in the game, and North Carolina State had a fourth down on the Penn State one-yard line. Penn State led 13-6, but North Carolina State had been very close to tying or winning the game throughout the second half. Now all the hopes that North Carolina State had built up during eight straight victories depended on this one final play. One more yard might mean an undefeated season, a high national ranking, a place in the Sugar Bowl. A mistake in the national view would leave N.C. State as nothing but a nice Atlantic Coast Conference team that could not quite survive a full campaign and beat top nonconference opposition. By such margins is success measured.

Quarterback Jim Donnan called time out and trotted to the sideline to talk to his coach, Earle Edwards. "I let's give it to Tony on a smash over the middle," said Donnan. "We might as well go back to the play that's done the job all day." Tony Barchuk—the steady halfback—had already carried for 93 yards in the game, but he had also earned 28 times and almost everyone in Penn State's Beaver Stadium was expecting him to try once more.

"I was thinking more of a quick pitch-

out, something to surprise them and get outside," Edwards said later. "But when the boys really want to do a certain thing they often execute it better than a play you give them."

Edwards nodded an O.K. to Donnan, who ran back on the field.

"They had used that play an awful lot," said Dennis Onkotz, the Penn State linebacker. "You didn't have to be too smart to guess that they would use it again." Onkotz happens to be very smart; he is studying nuclear physics and turned down Princeton as well as many other schools in favor of Penn State. He was watching for Barchuk as he lined up. "My first responsibility was to be opposite the flanker," he said.

"But as soon as I saw their linemen block toward the inside I rushed over to the middle."

Barchuk took the hand-off and saw Penn State jam up the inside. In a last desperate effort he tried to hurdle the line. Onkotz met him in midair about a foot from the goal, drove him back, and the North Carolina dream came to a jolting end. Four plays later Punter Tom Cherry gave NCS a safety rather than risk kicking to the dangerous Freddie Combs, and Penn State had a

13-8 win over the team that had been ranked third in the country.

The result was not an upset. While the people who vote in polls looked at North Carolina State's 8-0 record, the men who make their living by gambling expected unranked Penn State's tough schedule and its unlucky two-point loss to UCLA and they made Penn State a slight favorite. But while many people expected Penn State to win, few thought it would win this kind of game. A young, fast team, which is full of sophomores and is noted mainly for offense, Penn State beat North Carolina State with its defense.

"We have a much better club than people give us credit for," said Quarterback Tim Sherman, "especially on defense. Today our offense did not have one of its better days, but you saw how the defense won the game for us."

The Penn State offense did not start all that badly. By using an unusual three-end formation that accomplished its job of upsetting the N.C. State defense, Sherman was able to drive the team for a touchdown following the opening kickoff. But the offense did not score again. Moments later Onkotz intercepted a pass and returned it 67 yards for a touch-



WITH YARD TO GO FOR A SCORE, WOLFPACK'S BARCHUK HEADS INTO LINE, BUT GETS THROWN BACK BY PENN STATE HERO ONKOTZ (35)

down that made it 13-0, and then the defense—with Onkotz, a 19-year-old sophomore, showing the way—embarked on its successful all-day struggle to protect the lead.

For the losers, the game brought an end to a delirious streak of triumphs over opponents and experts—and to a fine inferiority-complex cure. North Carolina State has always been the most maligned school in its area. Under the state's consolidated university system, the famous University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill is known for liberal arts and scholastic achievements; State is geared to agricultural and technical studies. UNC is considered the "Ivy" institution, and poor State is derided as the "cow college."

Nearby North Carolina and Duke rest on lush, attractive sites, but the State campus is a jumble of buildings and parking lots crowded into a section of Raleigh that is divided in half by railroad tracks. In sports State enjoyed a series of good basketball teams under the late Everett Case and produced a few top football players such as Roman Gabriel. But overall, Wolfpack football rarely caused much excitement.

This fall has been different. Edwards had produced four teams for two years, but they started very slowly. This season, with 17 seniors returning, State got off to a fast start—and the school reacted with rare enthusiasm. In a recent campus election the most pressing issue was a referendum to determine which side of the field students would be allowed to sit on. Even the team mascot, an alleged timberwolf that turned out to be a very docile coyote, was transformed from a laughing stock into a rallying point, with 1967 being proclaimed the Year of the Kool Kyoite.

The team itself has been cool, winning games with poise and an ability to take advantage of breaks. Students overlooked the lack of speed and spectacular offense, preferring to convince themselves that the defensive players, who all wear white shoes, were leading a team of destiny. The Wolfpack plodded past weak North Carolina and Buffalo in their first two starts, then upset Florida State 20-10 in the game that first showed Edwards he had an unusual team. But the next game was against second-ranked Houston at the Astrodome.

"Everyone made such a big thing of the Astrodome," Edwards said, "that I

think it scared some teams before they even got there." So he refused an offer of sample AstroTurf to practice on and told his boys it would be just another experience for them. "You should look forward to playing there," he said. "Some day you can tell your grandchildren about it. And, of course, they'll ask you who won the game."

State won 16-6, and the momentum carried them through four of their modest opponents within the ACC. "The Houston game gave us confidence and recognition," said Edwards last week. "But Penn State is certainly the biggest challenge we have faced since then." Claude Gibson, the assistant coach who scouted Penn State, added, "They have so many good athletes that they have kept improving, despite injuries that would have killed our team. And Ted Kwalick, their tight end, may be the best in the country."

It was Kwalick, a 6'3", 222-pound Mike Ditka-type with power and speed, who scored the first touchdown Saturday by making a sensational catch of an 11-yard pass from Sherman. When that was followed up by the Onkotz interception, Penn State had the early lead it badly wanted.

But North Carolina State, which had not been scored on in the first period all year, refused to panic after giving up 13 quick points. The Wolfpack held off three more threats inside their 20-yard line before half time and then took charge of the game in the second half. Penn

State gained only eight yards passing and 24 rushing in the last two periods, and North Carolina State seemed to have the ball all the time. Twice the Wolfpack was stopped inside the 10 and settled for field goals by Gerald Warren, the nation's leading kicker.

"When I was 10 years old," Warren says, "I saw Lou Groza on television, and I thought that ain't nothin' I can't do. I've been kicking ever since, and I guess if the pros want me they'll come around." Warren can score from anywhere inside the 40, but now there was not enough time for three more drives into field-goal range. The Wolfpack needed a touchdown. Once runs by Barчук and Bobby Hall got them to the Penn State 13 but, on second down with short yardage to go, Donnan fumbled on a pass over the middle and Penn State Safety Tim Montgomery cut in front of the receiver for an interception.

Sull the Kyoties didn't lose their Kool, stopping Penn State and mounting their last drive, which ended when Onkotz met Barчук head to head.

"That Barчук is quite a guy," said Onkotz afterward. "Several times when I tackled him he said, 'Way to hit.'"

"Do you think you earned a chance at a bowl by this win?" Onkotz was asked.

"All we were thinking about today," said Onkotz, "was that the guys we were playing were supposed to be a Sugar Bowl team."

—PETE AXTELM

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. PENN STATE (6-2)
2. ARMY (7-1) 3. SYRACUSE (6-2)

While Penn State's sophomores were making their bid for national prestige, Army continued on its way to what may be its best season since 1949—which was the last time the Cadets won nine games. Coach Tom Cahill had worried about Utah, mostly because the Redskins were a good passing team. As it turned out, Army Quarterback Steve Lindell—who often throws a football as if it were a maskmen—passed better than Utah. While the tough Army defense held down the Utes, Lindell tossed to Tight End Gary Steele and Halfback Van Evans for touchdowns, and Army won its seventh game 22-0.

A strange thing happened to the football

in Syracuse last Saturday: the home team threw it—and got some variety into its long-stagnant offense. Quarterback Rick Cassata completed 14 of 25 passes—the Orange threw 42 in all—and ran for two touchdowns in a 41-7 rout, and Fullback Larry Cosma ran through the Holy Cross line for 102 yards to set a new Syracuse record of 2,721, breaking Floyd Little's mark.

Pitt, which had given both Navy and Syracuse a scare, collapsed back to reality against Notre Dame. Even without Split End Jim Seymour, who stayed home to rest an injured foot, the Irish were far too much for the battle-worn Panthers. Quarterback Terry Haneatty ran for two scores, Safety Tom Schoen returned a punt 78 yards for another and Notre Dame won 38-0. "Our quarterbacking was terrible," complained

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Pitt Coach Dave Hart. The defense was good so grand, either.

Some of the lesser independents also had their troubles. Massachusetts Quarterback Gregg Landry moved Rutgers' defense aside for 127 yards and completed eight passes for 99 in a 30-7 win. Boston College, having its worst season under Coach Jim Miller, lost to VMI 26-13. But Villanova, with Quarterback Billy Andrieko throwing six touchdown passes, surprised Buffalo 41-23.

The Ivy League has the best Saturday shocker show going since the movies gave up on Dracula. Princeton, still in the title race, upset favored Harvard not by a respectable 30 points or a goalkicking 20, but by 45-6. Sophomore Fullback Ellis Moore scored five Princeton touchdowns, four of them on one-yard shots over the middle. There was no accounting for hapless Harvard, except, as its alumni insist, it always loses by 40 points when being televised. It's a tradition.

Yale, the Ivy leader, outscored Penn 44-22, while Dartmouth, tied with Princeton for second place, came from behind to beat Auburn 13-7. Cornell and Brown played a 14-14 tie.

THE SOUTH 1 TENNESSEE (6-1) 2 ALABAMA (6-1-1) 3 MIAMI (6-2)

LSU Coach Charlie McClendon did not suggest that a fast whistle cost his team the game against Alabama, but he must have thought about it. Four times Crimson backs fumbled and LSU recovered, once in its own end zone just before Alabama scored its only touchdown, but the ruling each time was that the play was dead before the fumble. Then, when the Tigers' Tommy Allen fumbled on the Alabama two-yard line as LSU was driving for the winning touchdown, Alabama recovered. Just to make things more miserable for McClendon, Place-kicker Roy Hurd missed an extra point, as LSU led 7-6. "Ole Alabama had a silver spoon in its mouth tonight," said McClendon. "LSU showed class," said granddaddy Bear Bryant.

How did Tulane Coach Jim Pittman feel about his team playing No. 2-ranked Tennessee, the Southeastern Conference leader, on Homecoming Day in Knoxville? "Well," said Pittman, "a little like the Christians must have felt before they let the lions out." The quick Vols, led by Center Bob Johnson, played like hungry lions. Bursting through Tulane's defensive line, Tennessee scored the first four times it had the ball. Halfback Walter Chadwick ran for two touchdowns, Quarterback Dewey Warren sneaked across for one and Bubba Wyche, Warren's substitute, passed to Mike Gookch for the fourth as the Vols coasted home 35-14. "They're good all right," said Pittman. "They even look strong in the huddle."

While Mississippi, Tennessee's main opponent, rested for the ordeal, Auburn assumed in the SEC race by shutting out Mississippi State 36-0, as Quarterback Leran Carter threw three touchdown passes to End Freddy Hyatt. Georgia, however, slipped out of the running when Florida Quarterback Larry Rentez and Flanker Dick Trapp humiliated the Bulldog pass defense, which had been the best in the nation. Rentez passed for 235 yards and Trapp caught nine, for 171 and a touchdown. But Florida still trailed until the final 29 seconds, when Wayne Barfield, who earlier had kicked his 47th-straight extra point, booted a 38-yard field goal to give the Gators a 17-16 upset. Kentucky, going nowhere but enjoying the trip more these days, beat Vanderbilt 12-7.

Miami and Florida State, making a run for postseason bowl consideration, each won its south game in a row. Miami, with Quarterback David Oliva passing for two touchdowns, inflicted Georgia Tech's worst defeat in 19 years, 49-7. Tech Coach Bud Carson was so distraught he even barred his own assistants from the dressing room until after he had talked to his players.

Florida State Coach Bill Peterson had a psychological ploy ready for Virginia Tech. He put his team in garnet jerseys for the first time in years at home, forcing Tech to wear white. He also had a couple of other things ready. Quarterback Kim Hammond's passing and Flanker Ron Sellers' catching. Hammond, who leads the country in total offense, completed 17 of 30 passes for 314 yards and four touchdowns. Sellers caught eight for 279 yards and three scores, and the flashy Seminoles won 38-15.

Clemson, probably looking ahead to Saturday's Atlanta Coast showdown with North Carolina State, was tied 7-7 with Maryland at half time. Some words of wisdom, or at least some words, from Coach Frank Howard stirred the Gamecocks in the second half, and they shipped the poor Terps 28-7. Virginia buried North Carolina 40-7, while Duke, although behind at the half, beat Navy 35-16. West Virginia, the Southern Conference leader, tied William and Mary 16-16 to hold first place.

THE SOUTHWEST 1 TEXAS (6-2) 2 MISSOURI (6-2) 3 TEXAS A&M (5-1-1)

There was still plenty of that old-time defensive crunch in Texas 24-0 win over Baylor, but if there are any defensive secondaries left on the Longhorns' schedule with visions of uncomplicated afternoons, forget it. For the third successive week Longhorn Coach Darrell Royal put some passes into his game plan, and for the third straight week Quarterback Bill Bradley followed that plan, and that sense Bradley reached a new career high by passing for 220 yards on 10 of 21 completions. Still, it took a turn-

continued

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hile recovery by Texas as the Baylor mine and a partially blocked punt for the Longhorns to jam 17 points into the second quarter and insure their win.

TCU, a winner of a single game, stood eyeball to eyeball across the scrimmage line from Texas Tech and its fearsome rushing attack the best in the country and not only did the Frogs beat the Red Raiders 16-0 they knocked Tech out of its share of the Southwestern Conference lead. The unexpected dropout in the SWC race, Arkansas, struggling to get its season record up to acceptable standards, took a constructive step by defeating Rice 23-9.

Houston Fullback Paul Gipson continued his spree in the Astro dome, racing for three touchdowns in the Cougars' 35-18 win over Memphis State. Both Tiger regular tacklers were hurt, and that is where Gipson went for his three scoring bursts. "He found our weakness," sighed Memphis State Coach Billy Murphy.

University of Texas at El Paso Coach Bobby Dobbs knew what to expect of Colorado State. "They grind it out," he said, "three yards a crack, and they keep you from scoring." Dobbs was right, partially. CSU's Oscar Reed did grind out 101 yards rushing in the first half alone, which is twice as much as Dobbs feared. But all that dust produced no touchdowns then or in the second half. Meanwhile UTEP Quarterback Billy Stevens hit Halfback Paul White and End Ron Jones in the end zone in the first and final periods for a 17-0 win.

THE MIDWEST 1 PURDUE (7-1) 2 OKLAHOMA (6-1) 3 INDIANA (6-0)

Leroy Keyes was an incubator baby. did not learn to walk until he was 3 and was such a sickly youth that he was nicknamed Nursey. Now Keyes is 6'3", 200 pounds and serves as a halfback, flanker, pincer and occasional defensive back for Purdue, but he still shows no particular prowess at walking. He runs Leroy ran for 90 yards, caught six passes and scored three touchdowns as Purdue gave Minnesota its first Big Ten loss 41-12. "I've got room for improvement," Keyes said after the game. His opponents wonder where the room is. Coach Jack Mollenkopf, aware that the Gopher defensive line averaged 240 pounds, sought to relieve Quarterback Mike Phipps of further pressure by using two flankers as well as two ends, a tactic that forced Minnesota to limit its pass rush and helped Phipps hit 17 of 31 for 235 yards.

But Minnesota still has a chance to go to the Rose Bowl if it can beat out Indiana, which defeated Michigan State 14-13. Although unbeaten, the laugh-a-minute Hoosiers, with their error-prone sophomore backs and Kautzmanner Kids defense, were underdogs against the Spartans, five-

time losers. "That," said Coach Johnny Pont, "was an incentive for us. It irritated everybody." With Indiana trailing 13-7 in the closing minutes, sophomore Halfback John Ierhberger took charge, picking up 59 of the 69 yards in a touchdown drive that he climaxed with a seven-yard burst.

Ohio Stadium has been nothing but bad luck for Wisconsin since it was built in 1922. In 15 games there against Ohio State the Badgers have never won, and they did not mar their record Saturday. OSU Quarterback Billy Leng, who set numerous Buckeye passing records a year ago, turned runner this time and scored two touchdowns, the first on a broken play with four seconds left in the half, as Ohio State won 17-15.

Northwestern scored four times in the second period, twice after recovering on-side kickoffs to beat Iowa 39-24, and Michigan fought back from a 14-0 halftime deficit to defeat Illinois 21-14.

Two touchdown plunges by Wilmer Cooks, a third-period goal-line stand and all of things, an injury enabled Colorado to give Kansas its first Big Eight loss 12-8. A hurt knee suffered by Colorado Tailback William Harris forced him out of the game but, said Center Bruce Heath, "it pumped us up. We refused to lose."

Oklahoma scored five of the first six times it had the ball to beat Iowa State 52-14 and take over the Big Eight lead, while Nebraska moved past Oklahoma State 9-0. Missouri's strong rush stopped Kansas State's passing, and the Tigers scored 21 points in the final period to win 28-6.

Ohio U. earned a share of the Mid-American title with Toledo in a 31-7 triumph over Bowling Green. Toledo, meanwhile, defeated Northern Illinois 35-0 for its seventh straight win, the Rockets' longest victory streak in 20 years. Wake Forest rose with a good game against Tulsa and won 31-24, thanks mainly to Dign Langbridge, who ran 59 yards with an interception for a touchdown and then tackled a Tulsa receiver on the one-yard line in the game ended.

THE WEST 1 UCLA (7-0-1) 2 USC (6-1) 3 WASHINGTON (5-0)

USC Coach John McKay had fair warning. Early in the week Dee Andros, the poly-poly Oregon State coach who is known as The Great Pumpkin, told everybody, "USC is going to have its hands full. Maybe we'll open a few eyes." Andros' boss Beavers had already beaten Purdue and tied UCLA when each was ranked No. 2, and they were cocky enough to think they could defeat the nation's No. 1 team, too, even with O. J. Simpson back and running at them. Despite a drizzle and a soggy field, Simpson ripped the OSU defense for 188 yards on 33 carries, a good day's work. But the Beavers held when it mattered, and the

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Trojans were unable to score. In fact, the Trojans were unable to move. With rain stopping their passing game and the Beavers stopping everything else, USC never got past the 50-yard line after the first quarter. When OSU's Mike Haggard kicked a 30-yard field goal in the second period, The Great Pumpkin had his upset 3-0.

For all its upsetting ways, Oregon State, which was beaten by Washington, is out of the race for the Pacific Eight title and the Rose Bowl. USC and UCLA will settle that when they meet Saturday (page 32), and perhaps McKay will find as much good in the loss to OSU as UCLA's Tommy Prothro did in his team's tie. "It relieved the pressure," said Prothro, "and turned us loose." Loose was hardly the word for it as the Bruins tore through Washington, which had allowed only 91 points a game, for a startling 48-0 win. Quarterback Gary Beban shook up the Huskies with a 67-yard

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: UCLA Quarterback Gary Beban, who has had so many good days, was at his very best against Washington. He completed 14 of 22 passes for 289 yards and three touchdowns, ran for 44 more and scored on a 24-yard run.

THE LINEBACKER: Penn State Linebacker Dennis Dekker made the big plays that beat North Carolina State. His 67-yard interception gave the Lions a 13-0 lead, and in the final minute he stopped N.C. State on the one-yard line.

pass to End Ron Copeland on UCLA's first play, and they never recovered. That alone was enough to have the Bruin fans cheering, but they really erupted when word of USC's defeat reached the Coliseum. Chancellor Franklin D. Murphy, on the UCLA bench, whirled toward the student body, index finger extended, and then came the inevitable shout: "We're No. 1."

Meanwhile, on a lower excitement level, Stanford beat Oregon 17-14, California defeated San Jose State 30-6 and Washington State trounced Idaho 52-14.

Wyoming, one of the nation's remaining unbeaten teams, whipped New Mexico 42-6 to win the Western AC championship, as Quarterback Paul Toscano passed for two scores and ran for another and Jerry DePoyster kicked four field goals. DePoyster also added four conversions for a career total of 175 points, breaking Charlie Gogolak's NCAA kick-scoring record of 170. Brigham Young moved into second place by edging Arizona 17-14.

Utah State, finishing fast, outscored Montana 30-14 for its fifth straight, while New Mexico State, with Quarterback Sol Olivas throwing six touchdown passes, beat Northern Arizona 90-0. Yes, 90-0.

END

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A HUNT IN THE NORTH KAIBAB

Autumn is the hunter's time on the plateau north of the Grand Canyon. The tourists have all gone home, but deer still linger in the high land as if to savor the last leaves of summer **by VIRGINIA KRAFT**

The North Rim of the Grand Canyon rises 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. Where its multilayered walls of rock meet the sky, it flattens into a broad, tree-covered plateau that is known as the North Kaibab. Long ago the Putes named this plateau Kaihahits (the Mountain Lying Down). It is a mountain—a 45-mile-long, 40-mile-wide flat-topped mountain—and on it is some of the richest, most productive, most scenic land in the Southwest. On it, too, is some of the finest deer hunting to be found in the U.S.

Each year millions of people travel through the Kaibab National Forest, which stretches 125 miles from north to south, spanning the Grand Canyon itself. They get their kicks on Route 66 or Highways 64 or 89, and some even take the Santa Fe.

They fish at Cataract Stream and Thunder River, pitch tents in the shadow of the Mogollon Rim, and hike to places with way-out names like Point Sublime and Bright Angel. But only a handful of them ever really see the best of the place—the North Kaibab in the glorious, golden, game-filled autumn when the plateau is peopled by deer and the tourists have all gone home.

The plateau is only part of the 1.7-million-acre forest, which is actually three separate forests. One section is north of Grand Canyon National Park and the other two lie south of the park, where winter never fully moves in and the tour-

ists never fully move out. Cactus, yucca, sage, agave and snakeweed, the spiny lizard and desert sparrow are all common here, typical of Arizona and the Southwest. But just across the great canyon, 10 miles away, is the world of the North Kaibab, which belongs to no geographic region so easily pinpointed on a chart.

The North Kaibab is a remarkable conglomerate forest of ponderosa pine and Douglas fir, blue spruce and aspen, brightened in summer by forget-me-nots, whitened in winter by deep drifts of snow.

In late autumn, when the first snows begin to fall on the plateau, the sketchy network of roads that traverses the North Kaibab closes. The game moves down from the high places into warm havens where the woods stay green and fresh. But just before this time, in mid-October, when the plateau is a palette of bronze and yellow, the deer linger on in the high land, as if savoring the last sweet succulence of summer.

The hunters who venture into the North Kaibab in autumn are a hardy lot. They come in jeeps, pickups, trailers and turtlesacks, equipped with chains, shovels and bags of sand, ever mindful of the imminent snow that, without warning, can strand them deep within the forest. They stop first at Jacob Lake, where Routes 89 and 67 meet. This is the last outpost of civilization within the North Kaibab.

At Jacob Lake there is a combination

grocery, hardware, gas station, post office, curio shop, drugstore and meeting hall, where everybody pauses to add some forgotten item to the larder or merely to check on who has been through, who is expected through or who is already there. There is even a telephone at this marvelous place—the number is Jacob Lake 1—but the phone doesn't always work. Occasionally, after cranking its rusting handle several dozen times, contact is made with the operator, but she usually cannot hear a word being said. When a message is repeated with increasing volume, the hunters, sitting around the store in their laced boots and plaid lumber jackets, halt their conversations and listen attentively, so the call is not a total loss.

Outside, dozens of notes are stuck to a big wooden board with tacks and nails and pieces of chewing gum. In neatly printed letters and crayoned scrawl they convey such vital though unofficial information as "Joe, Camped at Wildhorse. Follow trail 279"; "Larry & Bing see"; "For sale Winchester Model 70, .308 Cheap"; "Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Prescott party, contact ranger"; "I'd, don't forget whiskey."

It is a good place not to forget anything, because there is only wilderness beyond Jacob Lake and the official check station that is located there. Hunters passing this point must show a special permit to a ranger at the station, where they are then registered, *continued*

IT IS LESS THE DEER THAN THE HUNT ITSELF THAT EVOKES MEMORIES—THE CRISP DAYS AND THE TALKS AROUND THE EVENING FIRES





given a detailed map of the region, advice on what areas are currently accessible or inaccessible, a mimeographed set of forest rules containing the usual admonitions about campfires and a bit of dubious poetry about cleanliness.

All deer hunting in the North Kaibab is by permit. Each year sportsmen from all parts of the country apply for permission to hunt during the two annual 11-day seasons. Of the 12,000 who applied earlier this fall, 7,500 received the little bits of computer-punched paper, prized as highly as shares in a producing well, that granted them the privilege of hunting the Kaibab deer.

The many-tined Kaibab deer, with their massive heads and huge bodies, are legendary. The Putes and Navajos hunted them generations ago, laying away their meat and skins for winter. Theodore Roosevelt was so impressed by the deer and by the beauty of the area in which he found them that he decided, in an act of classic misjudgment, to "save" both for the future. By presidential decree, he declared the entire Kaibab Plateau and most of what is now Grand Canyon National Park—an area totaling more than a million acres—a game preserve. He outlawed all hunting, began a vigorous campaign against predators and touched off a chain reaction which, before it had ended, very nearly destroyed both the game and the land of the Kaibab for all time.

As the deer herd, unchecked by the forces that normally moderate it, increased entirely out of control, the range decreased in direct proportion. Land that had once comfortably supported 8,000 deer was soon picked bare by 100,000. One naturalist surveying the Kaibab said: "Where else can you see 1,700 deer on a single meadow?"

A year later the answer was: not in the Kaibab. For by then food was so scarce the great die-off had begun. When conservationists finally began to suspect that T.R. had not been correct in his game theories, it was almost too late to do more than save the deer from extinction. They have been saved, it is gratifying to report, and the herds in recent years have begun to return to their former numbers.

The number of permits issued each year by the Arizona Game and Fish

Commission is based on the number of excess deer that should be harvested to keep the herd healthy and the range sufficiently productive to support them, multiplied by the percentage of hunters who will be unsuccessful in taking deer. Because the hunting is considerably rougher than on most deer ranges, this percentage probably is higher than might be encountered elsewhere.

The most luxurious setup in the North Kaibab is at Pine Flat Camp, which belongs to G.L. Gibbons, a carrot-topped tracker from Tucson who answers to the name Rusty and who looks so much like Mackay Rooney that he finally gave up, years ago, trying to deny it, and now in self-defense he signs autographs with the actor's name. Because it is in a national forest, the Pine Flat Campground is not actually owned by Gibbons. Rather, he holds a long-term lease on it. He pays an annual rental fee and also pays for all improvements and maintenance of the operation and grounds. The camp, in the midst of the wilderness, is an unexpectedly opulent oasis.

There is a main mess cabin, with a huge kitchen and a dining hall large enough to feed 50 to 70 people at a seating. Rusty believes in feeding them well. The pantries are stocked to the ceilings with rows of canned, dried and packaged foods, crates of fresh fruits and vegetables and cases of liquor. Outside, the cold house bulges with sides of beef and a supermarket assortment of bacons, hams and lighter lunch meats.

Surrounding the mess cabin, which is also the relaxing, drinking, tail-tale-telling center of the camp, there are five small cabins set in a semicircle in the pine clearing. Each sleeps anywhere from 6 to 12 hunters who rough it in sleeping bags spread on cots complete with springs and mattresses. Each cabin has electric light, produced by the camp's generator, and a squat, black potbellied stove to warm the frosty mornings. The stove in the cabin I shared with Gibbons, his wife Fran, his daughter and her 9-year-old son, Mark Vlar, almost warmed Rusty for good.

Originally our stove was lit by one of the camp hands, who creeps around well before dawn starting fires in all the sleeping cabins. For some reason ours did not

stay lit, and Rusty crawled from his sleeping bag, splendid in long Johns, to do something about it. A man who never takes the long route when there is a quicker way, Rusty's idea of a shortcut in this situation was contained in a can of lighter fluid. I was still deep inside my sleeping bag when the can exploded. Rusty went up in a burst of flame—long Johns, and all. With his customary nonchalance, he pulled a blanket from the bed, rolled himself in it and put out the fire. His startled grandson watched with an expression of horror and awe.

"You see what can happen, kid," Rusty said, brushing soot from his singed whiskers. "That's why I keep telling you never to put that stuff on an open fire." He thereupon shuffled through his duffel bag for another can, squirted it directly into the belly of the little stove and winked a blackened eyelid at me.

Rusty Gibbons approaches most of life the way he approached the stove that morning. His general philosophy could probably be summed up in three phrases: move fast, live hard, have fun. All of them apply to a hunt at Pine Flat Camp. The pace is fast, the hunting is rugged and the sport is rewarding.

Before the season Rusty brings in several loads of horses from his ranch near Tucson. Like everything else about Pine Flat Camp, Gibbons' horses are all first-class. With them it is possible to hunt considerably more ground than on foot and to penetrate some of the most inaccessible and remote parts of the North Kaibab.

This is wild country—a profusion of rock walls, broad slides, thick brush and tall timber—laced with sandy-bottomed creeks and the trails of old rivers now dry. It is one of the few remaining places in this country where a hunter can look over a dozen heads before choosing the one he wants.

However, it is not the deer but the hunt itself that evokes the strongest memories of the Kaibab. The firelighted dusk, the gold-brown griddle cakes at breakfast, the muscle-crawping moments early on the trail, the sharp, sour smell of gunfire, the grandeur of the grand Grand Canyon—all of these things are part of the magic of this great unspoiled and unexploited place.

END

PEOPLE

It may seem complicated and expensive to an Easterner, but Texas Oilman **Edgar Brown** recently settled the problem of giving a friend something he really wanted. Brown and **Stuart Lang**, a former president of the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo, got to bidding against each other for a silver saddle at a Houston charity auction. Mr. Lang offered \$2,700 for the thing, but Mr. Brown promptly went to \$5,000 and got it. Then he presented it to Mr. Lang. "In appreciation," as he said graciously, "of your work with the Fat Stock Show."

One does not think of **Rocky Graziano** as a Mod or a flower child, but he did turn up in a New York steak house recently wearing a paper lacedo.

The King and Queen of Nepal (*below*) are visiting North America, and they were pretty thoroughly entertained by Mayor **John Lindsay** while in New York. On one afternoon they attended a properly formal reception and luncheon party, but for the following day Lindsay, knowing Their Majesties to be big-game hunters and dog-lovers, more imaginatively thought to ask the American Kennel Club to arrange a spe-

cial dog show. The AKC came through, summoning dogs and handlers to the Pung Rock Club at Locust Valley. With only two days' notice they managed to round up 74 of the 115 breeds registered in this country, and, bundled up against the sudden New York cold, **King Mahendra** and **Queen Ratna** examined setters and elkhounds, Doberman and sheepdogs. The King himself keeps long-haired dachshunds and the Queen has Pomeranians, so it was no surprise that "they showed a fancy for the cute little ones," as a photographer observed. It was nice that they got to see some, because their next destination was going to be awfully short on both breeds. Their Majesties flew out the following day to hunt brown bears and sea lions in Alaska. Huskies, rather than Pomeranians, are going to be the order of the day.

Is he peddling drugs in the candy store? Is he opening a saloon next to the church? Well, no, but you would think so from the reaction **Gino Marchetti** is getting to his proposal to open a small food shop at Baltimore. Ex-Colts Marchetti and **Alan Ameche** have an East Coast chain of 65 shops purveying 20¢ hamburgers, fried chicken, milk



shakes and "other adolescent food," and they planned to open another such shop on York Road in Baltimore, an area already heavily commercialized. So? The mothers of Baltimore have descended upon Ameche and Marchetti like the Packers' line. In August residents protested at a public hearing before the zoning board, and recently mothers and children have been picketing the site of the shop with signs reading *NO, NO, GINO! I DON'T LIKE HAMBURGERS THAT MUCH!* The shop, protesters say, would attract an undesirable type of teen-ager, the kind that has flocked to another Gino's in the city and has hung around eating in cars, violating a city ordinance passed in 1961. It's a tough town, Baltimore. Marchetti and Ameche may find themselves wondering why they left the security of the NFL.

It is going to be a long, long time before the girls in America have a shot at a title such as the one the young lady above has just won. She is **Jessica Joy Gooch**, England's Miss Betting Shop of 1967. Proceeding like the business it is, English betting has just seen the opening day of the Betting Shops and Gaming Equipment Exhibition, held at Old Horticultural Hall in London. There was a luncheon preceding the choice of Miss Gooch over 11 other young

ladies employed in betting shops and then the opportunity to examine such evidence of progress in the bookmaking world as *Instalab*, an automatic bet-collecting machine. The manufacturer is hoping to sell this device to racetracks and dog tracks and dreams of the day when it will be installed in offices so that English bettors can put money on their horses on the way to the water cooler. England is going to be one big Las Vegas, and the U.S. still will not have a betting queen, not even a Miss Two Dollar Window.

Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall** in running pants, Senator **Joseph Tydings** of Maryland wearing his old lacrosse warmup suit and Representative **Henry Reuss** less sportily clad in slacks and a sweater moved out at the head of a motley group inaugurating one of four new jogging trails that the National Park Service recently has opened in Washington. The Hains Point Trail, along which everybody followed Udall, is a one-mile course, as are two of the other trails. The fourth, at Anacostia Park, is two miles long. All of them are marked at 110-yard intervals to let joggers know when to stop running and start walking, which is something most of Washington's athletes are going to know without any help from bureaucrats.





A FRIEND FROM CHATTANOOGA came across this picture of the "White Rabbit" and it reminded us of the early days of Jack Daniel's Distillery.

We recall that back when Mr. Jack was just starting, he had a hard time sending out the whiskey he made. He tried carrying it county to county by wagon, but that took too much of his time. So he opened the "White Rabbit," right in Lynchburg, and sold his product to his neighbors. And that worked fine, until the county went dry. But by then, the railroad had moved in and he was able to ship the whiskey out by rail. While it was open, however, the "White Rabbit" did help make some friends for Mr. Jack's whiskey. Some folks we know have told us they'd like to have a copy of this picture. So we've made up a few extras, in a little bigger size. If you'd like one, write to Mr. Garland Dusenberry, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee. He'll take care of it.



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Here is a "trap" shot that is not played from sand, but can help you when conditions are hazardous. Used frequently on seaside courses when the wind is high and a lot of roll is desired, the shot gets its name from the way the ball is trapped between the club head and the ground at impact. It is a favorite shot among certain pros—Arnold Palmer, Deane Beman and Gardner Dickinson use it often—and the weekend golfer should consider it, for it is not overly difficult. The ball is played well back in the stance, but the hands are kept in their normal position—which means they are now considerably ahead of the ball. The club face is shut at address, and the club head is taken straight back in order to avoid shutting the face too much during the swing. The downswing is controlled by the right hand, and the ball is hit down upon, almost as if you were trying to drive it into the ground. After contact, however, the follow-through is natural. The ball will take off straight, remain low and roll forever instead of rising to a peak and dropping softly. Because of the extra roll you should use one or two clubs less than you would normally.

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FRANCIS GOURIN

Instead of being off the left heel (arrow), the ball is far back, the club head is started back straight and the right hand controls the swing.

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Old Andy still has the noggin and the shot

The most dangerous scorer in hockey's expansion division is Pittsburgh's Andy Bathgate, a 35-year-old retiree with disobedient legs but a clear, shrewd head and a high-velocity slap shot that intimidates the enemy's goalies

The Pittsburgh Penguins had finished a midmorning sweat suit skate for their National Hockey League game Saturday night against the St. Louis Blues, and now 17 anonymous faces—the Les Binkleys and Art Strattons and George Koniks—left the ice for the comfort of the dressing room. Down at one end of the rink a solitary figure in gray was still repetitively firing pucks against the boards. Andy Bathgate, just about the only Penguin who knows how to score goals, had been in a slight slump, and he was working to regain his touch.

He shot into the boards from 10 feet, then 20 feet and later 10 feet. He aimed low to the imaginary far corner and waist-high to the near post. Every so often he would skate at the boards, dreaming he was head to head against the goaltender, would make a slight head or body fake and then flip home a backhand or slide the puck along the ice into a corner.

Finally he turned and pushed three pucks into the center of the rink, ready to practice his slap shot—always one of the best in the old NHL. He whipped the puck low and hard, the way a slap shot should be slapped, and it resounded off the boards. He did it again and again, until his stick shattered, and the puck just fizzled and died before it even reached the boards. Bathgate picked up the broken blade, threw the two pieces into the stands, collected the three pucks and 20 minutes after his teammates had gone—skated for the dressing room.

At the end of 13 full years in the established league, during which he scored 314 goals playing for New York, Toronto and Detroit, Andy Bathgate is an expansion player, the 101st to be drafted—almost an insult to the man who once was the league's MVP. The Penguins selected him on the 17th round—

their next-to-last pick—and talked him out of plans to retire. It was a stroke of fortune for them, for so far this season Bathgate has been the most prolific scorer in the expansion division, firing in eight goals and assisting on seven and giving the Penguins their only touch of offensive respectability.

"But I just haven't been playing well the last couple of games," Bathgate said. "I think I tried to push myself too much the last week, and now I've lost a little bit of the zip. You know, all hockey players try to keep themselves about 85% of the way up that hill. Whenever they push themselves to the peak, they lose the touch. Now I've got to get it back."

Bathgate, like most experienced hockey people, has been genuinely amazed that the expansion teams have played

so successfully against the establishment. The new teams, in fact, won eight and tied two of the first 30 games with the old. But Bathgate does not expect them to maintain that ratio through the entire season.

"The first time around the league, the new clubs have an advantage because they are new," he said. "The older clubs may take them lightly, and they want to prove something to everyone. Also the older teams don't have their books on the new players yet. You've got to know what the other guy is most likely to do. For instance, the old teams don't know anything about this Bill Flett of Los Angeles, who scored only 16 goals in the minors last year but already has six in the NHL. Eventually they'll know plenty, and I think the ex-

continued



BATHGATE BOOMS A SLAP SHOT IN LAST WEEKEND'S GAME WITH ST. LOUIS BLUES

Cutty Sark

America's No. 1 selling Scotch



HOCKEY *Continued*

pansoon clubs will win, say, only one out of five."

Adjusting to the Penguins, who are one for four with the old teams, has not been easy for Bathgate. Originally he was teamed on a line with the NHL veterans Ah McDonald and Earl Ingarfield, and during the early season that line earned the entire Penguin attack. However, Ingarfield was lost with a leg injury, and with a number of different small-timers trying to replace him at center, both Bathgate and McDonald have had difficulty getting the puck on their sticks.

"It's all a matter of recognition," Andy said. "Earl knows me because we played together in New York. He knows that a wing has to have the puck as he busts over the blue line. He knows that a center must be around the net after making his passes. He just knows what to do."

With Ingarfield snuff out Saturday night, Penguins Coach Sullivan started Paul Andrea against the Blues. Not a bad minor leaguer, he has not made it yet in the big league because he has not learned to go all out both ways in every game. On the Bathgate-Andrea-McDonald line's first play into the St. Louis zone, Bathgate set himself up cleanly in front—about 25 feet from Goalie Seth Martin. Ingarfield probably would have passed the puck right onto Bathgate's stick, and Bathgate from 25 feet is not Walt Chamberlain at the free-throw line. He's automatic. But Andrea, despite Bathgate's call of "Paul, Paul," tried to maneuver for a shot himself and lost the puck, and the Penguins missed an excellent chance to score in a game they already were losing 1-0.

Sullivan replaced Andrea with Val Fonteyne the next time Bathgate and McDonald were on the ice. Fonteyne is a fine skater but not a stickhandler, and centennies must be good stickhandlers. Soon the Penguins were breaking out of their zone and Bathgate was busting up the right wing, just as he used to do in New York and Toronto and Detroit. Ingarfield undoubtedly would have headmanned the puck to him. Fonteyne did try, but the pass was 10 feet behind Andy and another play was ruined. It was that kind of night. The Penguins lost 5-1, and Bathgate, who set up their only goal with a sharp pass to McDonald at the goal mouth, was voted their top player of the game.

Afterward, his stached face wrinkled in a grimace, Bathgate dressed slowly, then went out to have a chocolate milk shake and two pieces of Danish pastry. "It's frustrating when you lose, especially the way we did tonight," he said. "We stopped skating and didn't hit people at all. But we'll get it back. At least it's not like last year."


Playing for the Red Wings last season, Bathgate scored only eight goals in 60 games. "He just wasn't shooting the puck," said Leo Bova, the bruising body-checker who also was with the Wings last year and now is the Penguins' only reliable defenseman. "He'd get the puck like he used to, but instead of shooting he'd try to cut around the defense and work from an close. With his shot, he's got to shoot."

At one time last year the Red Wings sent Andy to the minor leagues for six games, hoping he could regain his scoring touch. "I really never thought I lost it," he said. "It was just that they were playing me on the left wing—and I can't play that side. When I came back up, they had me at right wing on a line with Ted Hampson and Dean Prentice for a while, and we won eight of nine games. We were losing the next game to the Black Hawks 2-1 after two periods and they took me off the wing and played Floyd Smith. I knew then it probably was over for me." This year, though, Bathgate has played like the Bathgate of years past. He still skates straight up, like a pencil, and he still wheels around on the curved blade of his stick to get into good scoring position. And as the Penguins' only legitimate star, he also is the No. 1 target for catcalls in other rinks. "Hey, Bathgate," as the squealer said from the third balcony in the Boston Garden the other day, "you look like a penguin. You play like a penguin. You are a penguin."

At 35 Andy admittedly does not have too many years left, but he is well set financially, with a golf driving range and an apartment house in Toronto. "I think that some players retire too early," he says. "I mean, when you're there, why get out?"

Bathgate is there again, right where he used to be—leading his team and his division in scoring. "His legs may not be what they once were," says Sullivan, "but Andy's still got that shot and that noggin. And that's more than most people have."

END



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High times at the National

A suspended rider who fought back made as much news at the Garden as the horses who set new records in a lively and exciting show

Rodney Jenkins, a redheaded, 23-year-old professional horseman from Orange, Va., has more top horses than any other trainer in his field, at the National Horse Show last week in Madison Square Garden he rode the working hunter champion, the conformation hunter champion and both the champion and reserve champion open jumper.

A troublemaker he is not, but last August he was allegedly caught poling a horse (tapping a horse on the legs so that it will jump higher). The rule book of the American Horse Shows Association states that a horse found being so trained "shall be eliminated from the next two succeeding classes in which it is entered. All such violations shall be reviewed by the Enforcement Committee for such further action as may be deemed appropriate."

reviewed by the Enforcement Committee for such further action as may be deemed appropriate. . . .

The Enforcement Committee deemed further action appropriate it barred Jenkins for 90 days, a punishment that most horsemen thought was outsize for the crime. "We all pole," said one trainer. "We just don't get caught."

Jenkins went to court and obtained a stay that enabled him to ride, and he came to the National in New York scheduled to ride six jumpers and three hunters. But the AHSA went to court, too, and during the National the stay was vacated, and again Jenkins was declared ineligible. There were murmurs among the exhibitors, and Jenkins' lawyer, claiming that the new AHSA debarment was technically premature, obtained another stay, permitting Rodney to return to the ring after missing a day of competition in the Garden.

The air still was not clear. Jenkins said he was thinking of filing a suit against the AHSA for slandages, and his lawyer talked of a contempt-of-court action. The AHSA was in the position of not being able to enforce its own rulings and, to add to its woes, Peggy Steinman, whose horse, Noe Always, Jenkins had been kept from riding in one class,

said she might try to have all the classes that had been held while Jenkins was grounded declared null and void. That would cause enough headaches to keep an aspirin salesman in luxury for years, particularly since Peggy's horse won the championship anyway.

The point is, most exhibitors are not in sympathy with the association, and they think that the AHSA should reexamine the rule book. The exhibitors feel that if a competing rider were on the enforcement committee, they would get a fairer deal; clearly defined rules for infractions could be enforced on the spot without need for review.

At the National, in the midst of his legal battles, Jenkins cleared 7'1" in the pousse-au-stake on In My Cap, which tied a Garden record. But so did Russell Stewart on Dear Brutus, who had won the class for the past two years, even though the big horse stumbled and jolted Stewart out of the saddle as they crossed the finish line. The wall was raised again, to 7'3". Never before had the Garden wall been that high in a pousse-au-stake, and the jump crew had to use wooden planks to build up the height. In My Cap almost cleared the wall but brought down a block with a hind hoof. Then Dear Brutus went over to set a new Garden record and retire the trophy.

The new record did not stand alone for long, since the next night, in the international pousse-au-stake, Bold Minstrel, with Billy Steinkraus aboard, jumped the same height. Bold Minstrel is a 15-year-old gelding who won medals in the 1959, 1963 and 1967 Pan-American Games and a silver medal in the 1964 Olympics. "He's a geriatric miracle," said Steinkraus. His owner, Bill Haggard of Nashville, said, "I must have had 30 offers for him over the years, but I've never been tempted to sell. He's so pleasant, so gentle, so sweet. Come to think of it, he does have one bad habit. He likes to bite girls."

END



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The further adventures of terrible-tempered Bobby

Bobby Fischer played like a champion at the international tournament in Tunisia, but he ended by forfeiting his way out of the competition

Bobby Fischer walked out of the world international chess tournament held in Sousse, Tunisia the other day and then, pale and determined, reentered and walked out again. Otherwise, things went along as they usually do in the tournaments that he enters. That is, he fought with the officials, complained about the lights, objected to the noise, threatened to smash a news photographer's camera and, so far as the chess games were concerned, beat almost everyone around.

By the 10th round he had a comfortable lead over the 23 assorted national champions and chess masters in the International, playing chess as brilliantly as he has played at any time since he first won the U.S. championship 10 years ago. He beat Leonid Stein, the champion of the Soviet Union, for example, one of the toughest opponents he would have to face, and made it look as if anybody could do it just as easily.

He also protested about the glare from the glittering chandelier in the ballroom of the Sousse Palace Hotel, where the tournament was being held, and when the U.S. Ambassador, Francis Russell, came to lunch, Bobby would not allow even the Ambassador to take his picture—no favoritism. But he also won six games and lost none. With a start like that, how could he be beaten? You could see him going on and on, winning the International, winning the world championship—and complaining every step of his way into chess history.

And then Fischer suddenly 1) forfeited a game; 2) withdrew from the tournament; 3) left Sousse for Tunis, 80 miles away; 4) returned to Sousse and began playing brilliantly again; 5) forfeited a second game and left suddenly for Tu-

nis again. He probably would have withdrawn a third time, but it was not necessary. The players and the officials beat him to it. They dropped him from the tournament.

"The entire chess world was startled," said Al Horowitz, the chess editor of *The New York Times*. Then he added, by no means irrelevantly, that Fischer had become very much interested in the Church of God, a sect that "is Christian, Protestant and fundamentalist, and its interpretation of the Bible is literal." The members of the faith believe in no voting, no drinking, no pasteurized milk, the avoidance of all but certain meats, and the observance of a Sabbath that runs from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. Because of this, Fischer requested that several of his games be rescheduled, and the dispute began when Bobby learned that the rescheduling left him with four tough games on consecutive days.

With one game uneasily postponed, Fischer was next due to play Avner Gipslis, a newcomer among the Russian contenders. And at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 28, the chess clocks were started. Gipslis, playing white, made his first move and pressed the lever that stopped the clock on his side of the board and started the clock on Fischer's side. (In international matches each player is required to make 40 moves in 2½ hours.) But Fischer, who was demanding that a satisfactory date be set for his postponed game, refused to start playing. One hour ticked away on his clock, after which, in accordance with the rules of the *Fédération Internationale des Echecs*, the game was forfeited. Gipslis was credited with a

continued

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win, and Fischer, charged with his first loss, dropped to fourth place in the tournament standings.

Fischer departed for Tunis. He registered at the Tunis Hilton Hotel, moved to the Tunisia Palace, moved again to the Majestic, all within 24 hours, dodged telephone calls, and then, giving in to the appeals of U.S. Embassy officials and the president of the Tunisian Chess Federation, returned to Soussse.

It was now Sunday, October 29, and Fischer's opponent was Samory Reshevsky. These two have been the most stubborn rivals in American chess, their battles going back to 1958, when Fischer, then 14, beat Reshevsky for the American championship, a title Fischer has virtually monopolized ever since. Reshevsky, playing black, had to wait for Fischer's first move. The clocks were started at 4 o'clock, but Fischer was still en route from Tunis. The minutes ticked away, and it seemed Fischer was going to forfeit another game. Fidgeting in his chair and watching the clock, Re-

shevsky appeared increasingly unsettled.

At 4:55, five minutes before he would have had to forfeit, Fischer appeared, took his seat calmly, and with ease and superb style demolished Reshevsky. Within half an hour Reshevsky had obviously lost the game, though he played on stubbornly before he resigned. Reshevsky protested that he was psychologically upset and mentally unfit to play by the time the game began. His protest was disallowed.

Fischer's victory put him back at first place. He strengthened his hold on it in the next round, when he defeated Robert Byrne, a graduate student from Indiana University, the third American hopeful in the Interzonal. But the fight over the scheduling of Fischer's postponed game was still going on, and on Wednesday, November 1, Fischer again left for Tunis.

He was supposed to play Vlastimil Hort, a Czechoslovakian grand master. The clocks were started on schedule, but this time there was no last-minute

sensation: Fischer did not come back, and another loss was charged against him. In the Interzonal, nobody can afford to throw away one game, let alone two. "Fischer is not only the greatest chess player in the world today," argued Lieut. Colonel Edmund Edmondson, the executive director of the U.S. Chess Federation, "but he is the greatest chess player that ever lived." Certain that Fischer could overcome a little matter like a two-game handicap, he urged Bobby by long-distance to go back to Soussse.

"They're bugging me," said the world's greatest chess player. The tournament committee included a Czechoslovakian, a Rumanian and a Hungarian, and Fischer believed that some American chess brass was needed to defend his interests. But he said he would return to the tournament if Colonel Edmondson would come to Tunis. Edmondson forthwith departed, after learning that the Tunisian Chess Federation would indeed permit Fischer to return.

continued


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CHESS continued

Word spread around in Sousse that Fischer was coming back again. "The rest of the players became very excited," said an observer. "They called a meeting." The upshot was that they demanded Fischer sign a written statement before he be allowed to return. Among other technical matters, the statement provided that one more forfeit would banish him from the tournament and that he would "promise to finish the tournament in accordance with normal conditions . . ."

Fischer telephoned his reply from Tunis, asking permission to reenter, acknowledging that he had forfeited two games (providing the Fédération Internationale passed on their legality), and added that he would be back in Sousse by 9 p.m. Saturday, if the starting time of his game with Bent Larsen, the Danish champion, would be delayed to give him time to get there.

Meanwhile, he remained in Tunis awaiting the answer. The arbitration committee decided that the regular starting time on Saturday night, 8 p.m., would be observed, and that Fischer would not be allowed to play if one hour ran out on his clock. Fischer received this news at 8:40. He could hardly get from Tunis to Sousse in 20 minutes. The game had started at 8 o'clock, and at 9 Fischer was declared out of the tournament "officially and finally."

A friend from the U.S. Embassy at Tunis brought him to my house outside the city a little later, but when I tried to interview him about the tournament he refused to say anything. He was a bit pale, asked for a glass of milk, drank it and continued to say nothing for publication. I thought that essentially he did not want to be as intransigent as he was—that in his fight with the officials he was saying no when he wanted to say yes, and that his impulse to agree was thwarted by some inner aggressiveness not really in his nature at all.

A phase of his chess career was certainly over. He left for Rome, saying he was going to buy some shoes there and then go on to Germany to pick up some chess books before he returned to the U.S. In Sousse no one appeared pleased to have him leave, the Interzonal lost its most brilliant star and possible world champion. "He is one of the best in the world," said Bent Larsen, who took over first place and appeared the likely winner. **END**

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C. B. DeMille of the Pros

Ed Sabol has what any football nut would consider the perfect job: filming games and picking the most exciting for weekly TV highlights

By Tom C. Brody

Ed Sabol likes to tell about the time he wanted the Johnny Weissmuller book on swimming. Sabol was 10 years old and crazy about the water, so when his mother said he couldn't have the book, Ed sat down on the curb outside Wanamaker's department store in Philadelphia and cried. He put on such a performance that a crowd gathered and traffic stopped. Finally his mother relented and bought him the book. It is significant that he got what he wanted. In the years since, Ed Sabol has met similar forms of rejection with the same lusty disdain, attracting crowds and stopping traffic while he turns an ordinary situation into a happening, preferably to music and always with a flair.

The object of Sabol's latest obsession is pro football. He came to the game only 12 years ago. From the beginning his immersion was total, his approach wild-eyed, his ideas extravagant. He is today the producer and recorder, on film, of all that happens on the playing fields of National Football League teams. The way

continued



he has gone at his job has made a dramatic game more dramatic, a fast and violent sport faster and more violent and with music. All of the NFL highlight recaps one sees on television this season are the work of Sabot. So is the official NFL championship game film. His off-season show, *Edwin Sabot Presents*, muscled into prime time last spring and ran all summer. It was easily the best football fare, outside of an actual game, ever presented on TV.

When Sabot first broached the idea of a weekly out-of-season series, people were skeptical. With half a dozen exhibition games, 14 regular-season games, two conference playoffs, a championship game, a super playoff, a runner-up bowl and a pro bowl game, not to mention all of the AFL and college games scheduled, who needed more football? The sight of red dogs in spring might send even the most rabid football fan over the edge. The reaction would be particularly harsh, Sabot's critics said, if the show were to be another rehash of things past.

A rehash was not what Sabot had in mind. Rather than reruns of the year's best plays, Sabot proposed to have each film deal with a specific: runners, receivers, big plays, rookies. Each of the 25 shows was to be a little extravaganza of its own. The shows were to be built around carefully conceived themes; they were to be meticulously edited, and amidst the yards and yards of drama there would be comic relief, close-ups and irrelevant and irrelevant asides that would serve to amuse, edify and keep audiences mesmerized for a solid half hour—give or take a few commercials.

The object of the presentation was to lift professional football out of the realm of grunts and thuds into something slightly surrealistic, infinitely modern, genuinely artistic and captivating. How well Sabot succeeded is indicated by the fact that the show will run again next year, same time, same station, same sponsor.

A special installment was the Green Bay Packers film. It opened with one full minute of trench warfare from World War I. Brutal, straight-on, carefully and massively prepared grind-'em-into-the-

mud violence. For those fans who go all goose-pimples watching the San Francisco 49ers' Dave Parks catch a pass and then get flipped on his head, Sabot in another film gave them scrambled Parks in rapid-fire sequence. Parks catches the ball and gets hit. Another catch and he's hit again. And again. All this to the roll of kettle drums. Or Gale Sayers, who makes those breathtaking runs for the Chicago Bears a couple of times each game. In the Sabot film on runners, Sayers zigs and zags for six minutes to the coolest kind of jazz. If there is a problem with the Sabot format, it is that his shows might be too good, better than the game itself. Even the National Football League is capable of turning out an occasional stinker, sloppily played, lopsided, dull. Call Sabot sloppy, even lopsided, but not dull. He has never been dull.

In the comparatively short, crowded life of Edwin Milton Sabot—he is 51 years old—there is no recorded evidence of his ever having been caught in a lousy pose. Whether his action is compulsive or carefully conceived, Sabot's object has always been to make things happen. Sabot learned how to swim at 5, for instance, and says of it, "Big deal. Any idiot can swim. But swimming fast, faster than anyone else ever has—now, there you have something." He set out to do just that and ended up with three interscholastic records (one of which he took away from Johnny Weissmuller), an undefeated swimming career at Blair Academy in Blairstown, N.J. and a scholarship to Ohio State. He seemed certain to win a place on the 1936 Olympic team, but a strange thing happened. Sabot began swimming slower and slower, and when the team left for Berlin he was left behind. What had happened? Sabot simply had found that his enthusiasm for life made the Spartan rigors of training unbearable, especially on a big college campus where coeds, fraternity high jinks and drama productions were irresistible.

The theater was especially attractive to him. Ole Olsen, who, with Chic Johnson, was then riding high with *Hellzapoppin'*, saw Sabot in a college drama club revue and told him he was good. It was all Sabot needed. He bolted Ohio State,

took up residence in a West Side walk-up and began to haunt casting sessions all over New York. Eventually he landed a part in a play co-produced by Oscar Hammerstein called *Where Do We Go from Here?* "Hammerstein had some good ones," says Sabot, "and he had some great ones. But this one? It closed after two weeks."

Sabot did get a couple of good notices out of the flop—which was wonderful for his ego but did absolutely nothing to establish credit at the friendly neighborhood grocer. So much for Broadway.

Then Ed Sabot, age 25, got married and received a 16-mm. camera as a wedding present. It almost ended the marriage but it proved an early omen of what ultimately was to be a turning point in his life. For weeks thereafter everywhere his ego but did absolutely nothing to establish credit at the friendly neighborhood grocer. So much for Broadway.

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One day in 1956 Sabot looked in a mirror. He saw that his red hair was growing gray, and that his trim athlete's body was getting flabby. "What am I doing?" he asked himself and answered immediately, "Going in circles." Like that, at the age of 40, he retired—but not to rest. Sabot had retired to speed up. He set out to see all the things there were to see, do all the things there were to do, to stuff himself—to excess—with all the action and excitement he could find.

Step one was learning to fly. Sabot

continued

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Sabot *continued*

swooped down on a Texas flight school, flew five hours aloft every day for two weeks and roared out at the controls of his own brand-new Cessna. Next came travel. Off went the Sabots to Japan and back they came with plans for an Oriental house, to be built in the middle of the Tudor grandeur of Philadelphia's Main Line. Sabot gave his architect a free hand but did specify that the house had to have a 12-foot bar and a bathtub eight feet long, eight feet wide and two feet deep.

Of all the postretirement indulgences, putting around with his movie camera, which he had never really given up during his so-called working days, was the one that gave Sabot the biggest kick. On an impulse he flew to Nassau and buzzed the Bahamas for a week, piloting with one hand and firing the camera with the other. Now, everybody knows how ridiculous a home movie can be, even under

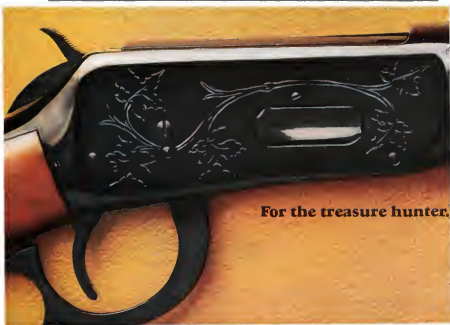
ordinary circumstances. Imagine a movie shot single-handed from a plane: upside-down sand spits, horizontal palm trees, blurred instrument panel. Sabot's film not only was free of such piffle, it was so well conceived and beautifully done that it was bought by the Bahama Development Board for use as a tourist come-on.

Another time Sabot set his tripod up beside a Howard Johnson motel that was abuilding. Every day, at the same time, he filmed developments until the motel was finished. Then Sabot got the division manager in front of his home screen. To the latter's astonishment, an entire Howard Johnson motel sprang out of the ground in full color, blossoming blue and orange two minutes after construction was begun. Sabot sold that film, too.

Like fathers everywhere, Sabot was enthralled with the antics of his son, and the first recorded adventures of Steve Sa-

bol—who was later to gain notoriety himself as Sudden Death Sabot, the self-proclaimed "Fearless Tot from Possum Trot" (SI, Nov. 22, 1965)—were of him making a bubble. Eventually, when Steve began playing football in prep school, his father was right there with his camera. But what interested him most was not the play of his son, which was good enough to eventually earn him all-conference honors as a fullback at Colorado College, but the game itself. Even on a prep school level, the violence and the color of football became irresistible to Sabot. He had always enjoyed watching the game; now, to get a better angle of the action, Sabot had a rickety tower built 25 feet above the field at Haverford School and, ignoring its tendency to sway in alarming arcs during high winds, spent hours grinding away.

At precisely this time—1959—Ed Sabot came to another fateful decision: to



For the treasure hunter.

unretire. "I was dropping out of things," he said. "I was getting frantic. If you're not part of something, I mean a business, or you're not creating, you are forever an onlooker—never a participant. Meanwhile I had this wild scheme . . ."

The scheme had been brewing for several months. Sabol had met Dan Endy, who was then working for an undernourished company making NFL game films, solemn reruns of the week's plays to the accompaniment of Sousa marches. Sabol and Endy had talked for hours, mulling over what had been done in football and what had not been tried. Sabol thought all the football films he had ever seen had been unimaginative and terrible. "My God, what you could do with color," he told Endy. "And that music. Why not get the Tijuana Brass . . .?"

"Wait a minute," Endy would say. "I agree, I agree. But do you realize how much all that would cost?" To that Sa-

bol, who had never been known to scrimp on anything, would reply "Bah. You remember the quality long after you forget the price."

Equipped with nothing more than ideas and his amateur standing, Sabol had the gall to bid for the right to film the 1962 championship game of the National Football League. The morning before the sealed bids were to be opened in New York, Sabol walked up and down Broadway desperately anxious over the outcome. As usual, he had committed himself completely to the project. The 1961 championship game had gone for the grand total of \$5,000. Sabol had sounded out Endy, who agreed it was a good idea to offer \$7,000. Sabol had thought an instant and said: "Dan, let's not blow it. We'll go whole hog. We'll try \$12,500."

Sabol and Endy, who by this time had become Blair Productions, had the high

bid, by \$2,500, and now it was NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle's turn to take a deep breath, or so Sabol thought. "I came to Pete with all these big, wild ideas," he said, "and a whole closetful of home movies to show as credits. He didn't know anything about me, my background, my drinking habits, anything. And high bid or not, he didn't have to give the game to Blair Productions."

Rozelle was not flustered. The filming of NFL games was considered small stuff next to TV. Movies of the championship game were something that owners amused their friends with and that booster clubs showed at Thursday night smokers. It was not the money in Sabol's offer that attracted Rozelle. Sabol proposed to use eight cameras—four more than were focused on the previous year's game. All were to employ color and varying degrees of slow motion and the best, most modern music Sabol could find.

continued

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Sabol continued

Two days later Sabol and Endy opened a letter bearing the NFL letterhead and beginning: "Congratulations."

"I let out a whoop," said Sabol, "grabbed Endy and waltzed him around the desk. For 10 minutes we were delicious. Then it hit us. Now that we had it, what did we do with it?" Sabol had wonderful ideas, all right, but what he had in fact was no photographers, no cameras, no sponsors, precious little capital and only the vaguest notion of how to get into Yankee Stadium, where the Giants would play the Packers.

This was November. By December, Sabol somehow had rounded up equipment, a staff, sponsors and a story line. His theme, though obvious, was unsalable: little Green Bay versus great big New York. To backstop himself against the possibility of a dull game or bad weather, he decided to take lots of pregame color in the Giant and Packer camps. Sabol even buzzed Manhattan in his Cessna for a shot of the skyline to open the film. Not even Vince Lombardi was better prepared for the showdown.

Then came Sunday, Dec. 30, one of the bitterest days the pros have ever faced. By game time the temperature was 15°, the wind was blowing in gusts up to 30 mph and the field was cement. If the weather was bad for the players, it was murder on Sabol's cameramen. They froze, the cameras froze and the film broke. The elaborate walkie-talkie communication system between Endy—high in the stadium—and the cameramen managed to contact four cab companies, three construction sites and a fishing boat out of Fall River, Mass., but not the photographers.

Sabol started bonfires in a dugout to thaw out the cameras—and the cameramen—as they froze. When the game was over, the men of Blair Productions were so numb they did not even bother to sort and label the film. It was just dumped into a laundry hamper and all principals fled for warmth.

Sabol was certain he had a disaster on his hands. "By golly," he said, "when Ed Sabol goofs, he doesn't fool around. All that time, all that hard work, all that money spent and what do we have? A

continued



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Sabot *(continued)*

laundry hamper full of frozen spaghetti."

But Sabot was wrong. The film was tangled, all right. It took two days to sort it out and a week to edit it and put it together, but when it was done Blair Productions had a primitive masterpiece. "Best football film I ever saw," said Pete Rozelle.

Blair Productions got the rights to film the next year's championship, too, but the company had to go up to \$17,000 for the privilege. And right then Sabot said to himself, "Oh-oh. Here it comes. Next year it will be \$25,000, and when those hotshot outfits with the inexhaustible bankrolls see what can be done with the film and that it can be marketed, they'll snow us under." So Sabot went to Rozelle and said "Pete, it's time for the

NFL to go into the film business. You buy us out and then make your own championship films. You can even do weekly regular-season stuff."

Rozelle immediately saw the merit in the idea. He ran into difficulty with some of the NFL owners when he tried to convince them that a subsidiary company could be rewarding financially as well as artistically, but eventually the word went out that the league would absorb Blair Productions and its staff.

Blair Productions and its staff sounded impressive, but in fact it consisted only of Sabot, Endy, John Hertz, an editor, and Art Speller, the production manager. Not for long, though.

With more than his own money now backing him, Sabot began expanding.

continued



On the receiving end for a change, Sabot is photographed by his wife Audrey as he emerges from his swimming pool at home in Villanova, Pa.



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"The lens alone is worth the price"

Sabot continued

First he bought an old building owned by M-G-M in Philadelphia. It had space, room for labs, offices, sound rooms, projection rooms and a plush theater as well as what appeared to be hundreds of bathrooms. "I wonder what their problem was?" says Sabot.

Then came the new faces. Sabot requirements were odd, to say the least. Experience? Not necessary. Maturity? Not wanted. Education? Who needs it? Sabot had but one prerequisite: the prospective employee must be insane about football. "They'll get the experience soon enough," was Sabot's explanation. "I want fresh faces with fresh ideas. I want to be shocked and amazed, and if I am you won't see anything ordinary come out of this place. You'll see new concepts, modern, bold, alive. These films will sing," he concluded in the best tradition of Hollywood.

A recent visitor to the studio said, "I didn't know if I had walked into a film company or a discotheque." He may never know. The place throbs with youthful exuberance, and it will so remain if Sabot continues to have his way.

Last fall NFL Films went into an orgy of activity that continues today. Sabot's crews cover every single game with two regular cameras and one slow motion, all in color. Work began on Friday when editors and cameramen leave Philadelphia for the eight cities (seven if the Eagles are at home) where the games are to be played that week. They spend the next day searching out information, hints and rumors—anything that might give a clue as to what is going to happen in the game and what should be photographed. If Bob Lilly has been a tiger in scrimmages this week, the big Dallas tackle gets special treatment. If Lilly snarls, the cameras will catch it. Lilly gets a finger in his eye, the camera records it. Lilly wipes out a backfield in an explosive rush—got it.

When the sun goes down late Sunday afternoon and the players head for hot showers, the men of NFL Films grab their equipment and dash to the local airport. Their game is on. Washington is the rendezvous point and for good reason. Dan Indy has only 24 hours to get eight game films ready and a fogged-in

continued



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Sabot *continued*

airport would destroy the schedule. Washington, it was found, has fewer airport shutdowns than any other major city in the East, so NFL Films set up a shop in Georgetown, where the staff works for 24-plus hours from the time the first film arrives on Sunday evening until it is ready to go on the air Monday night.

It is on the plane ride back to Washington that the editors begin studying the shot sheets (the play-by-play account of the game), and by the time they land they have an idea of which plays are meaningful. Then comes the race for the laboratories where the film is processed. By the time the editors are in front of their viewers they know what they want and the job of putting the film together begins. It is hectic work and the pure enthusiasm of Sabot's young staff does not make the task any easier, although it does make things more interesting. "Look at that run," comes a cry from the editor working the Cleveland Browns' game. Time is precious and the editors are bleary-eyed but Leroy Kelly going 80 yards through a broken field is an irresistible interruption.

When the film is ready, Sabot reviews it and one of the editors writes the script. It is now 3 o'clock Monday morning, and while the original film is being whisked back to the plant, where two duplicate copies are made, Sabot's crew can sleep—until 6 a.m. The duplicates are back in the laboratory by then and an hour later the narrators arrive—Chuck Thompson from Baltimore, Jim Gibbons from Washington and Jack Whitaker from New York. When one of these three is not available, Frank Glieber from Cleveland fills in.

While all this is going on, the other working copy of the film is getting the once-over by Music Editor Frank Decola, who is deciding which cool sound goes where. The editors and Decola then coordinate their efforts, so that a clash of cymbals does not drown out Chuck Thompson's description of a blocked field-goal attempt.

And there it is—clean, vibrant and in color—by midafternoon on Monday. Eight hours later the first of the 123 prints are ready and are being rushed to the air-

continued

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Sabot's people do, hours and hours of them. An NFL Films version of the All-Pro team would shock a lot of experts. But it would be absolutely legitimate.

For the championship game in Dallas last year, Sabot used 18 cameras, three sound crews and every editor on the staff. Out came 50,000 feet of film that was eventually edited down to 990 feet. It was a neat package, full of unique montage effects, but more, it revealed why—and how—the Cowboys blew the championship.

Early in the game Tackle Jim Boeke jumped offside for an apparently insignificant five-yard penalty. It did not mean anything then, but later, when Dallas was driving for the tying touchdown, Boeke jumped offside again. This time he killed the drive—and the Cowboys.

It was a touchy situation for Sabot. One man does not lose a championship, and singling out the Cowboys' tackle for special censure was not going to make Dallas ecstatic.

"Our first instinct was to squelch it," said Ends, "but the more we studied the film, the more obvious it became that this was the key to the game—an overzealous lineman, who has played well all year and who played well for most of the game, makes the same mistake twice. The first time it was trivial. It didn't hurt, but it was indicative. The second time, it was

continued

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Sabot continues

costly. Now, then, do we ignore it?"

"You do not," decided Sabot. The film was built around the two plays and the reaction from Dallas was immediate and violent. "Unfair," the fans cried.

"Well," said Sabot, "it was honest and, besides, they loved it in Green Bay."

The championship game over, NFL Films went to work on the 25-week series. Making the installments was a lot less hectic than the weekly schedule the crew had been used to and the results were considerably more sophisticated. It was in the series that those audacious young ideas first got full play. Steve Sabot, for instance, fresh out of Colorado College, walked in and talked his father into using long focal lenses for special closeup shots. Sabot Senior was not convinced anything would come of it, but he did not want to put thumbs down on a new idea. Steve had the cameraman zero in on the hands of the defensive linemen in the game. "Hands?" said the cameraman. "You want hands?"

"Hands," said Steve, and the results were startling. All those hands in a row suddenly became fists just before the ball was snapped. The long focal closeups are now a regular feature of NFL Films.

The first film of the series, *They Call It Pro Football*, was shown in March and it was a great success. Written and directed by Steve, it got his father so excited he decided that the first press preview in New York was going to be no ordinary affair. "None of that Toots Shor stuff," said Ed. "We'll show it in the Huntington Hartford Theater."

"But that's an art theater," came a voice.

"Right," said Ed.

And when Sabot said he wanted music, he was not just whistling *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. He sent his music editor, Frank Decola, to Germany this summer to tape the works of a 60-piece orchestra. No doubt the music could have been obtained more cheaply by dipping into the public domain for some selected organ music, but what you are now getting with your NFL highlights really swings. And that is just the way Ed Sabot works—always with music and always, always with flair.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL N.Y. PHILADELPHIA (10-1) tied its half-century lead in the Eastern Division after winning three games and losing to the Braves (1-1). **BOSTON** (26-21) popped briefly into first place with three straight wins but a 10-11 loss to the Angels dropped the Celtics back to second. **DETROIT** (15-1) ran its victory streak to four, with a 10-9 win over the Knicks and a 11-11 victory over Seattle before losing to the Hawks (1-1). **LOS ANGELES** (16-1) won three of four games, while **MINNESOTA** (16-1) dropped out of first place and **MIAMI** (16-1) broke its six-game losing streak with a 11-10 win over the Braves, then lost two games. **ST. LOUIS** (11-1) lost in the Western Division to five games with four more victories and opened its home winning streak to eight, while **SAN FRANCISCO** (10-1) in second place won two of three. **LOS ANGELES** (16-1) won three of four and **DETROIT** (14-1) took two of three. **OAKLAND** (15-1) broke a five-game losing streak with a 9-8 victory over Houston. **CHICAGO** (14-1) lost two of three, while first place **HOUSTON** (11-1) dropped three more to 10-11 in Philadelphia and lost in a 10-11.

MLB (11-1) back on another winning streak, lengthened its lead in the Eastern Division to three games with four consecutive victories, while **MINNESOTA** (17-1) came as winning streak to five in a row before splitting two games. **PHILADELPHIA** (16-1) dropped out and then collapsed. **Montreal's** unbeaten string with a 9-10 victory. **NEW YORK** (14-1) split two games and lost place. **ST. LOUIS** (11-1) dropped three in three. **NEW YORK** (14-1) won three of four and **DETROIT** (14-1) took two of three. **OAKLAND** (15-1) broke a five-game losing streak with a 9-8 victory over Houston. **CHICAGO** (14-1) lost two of three, while first place **HOUSTON** (11-1) dropped three more to 10-11 in Philadelphia and lost in a 10-11.

BASEBALL N.Y. PHILADELPHIA won the fourth straight doubleheader (10-1) with the Braves (1-1) 1-0 and in a 10-11 at the bottom of the season.

FOOTBALL N.Y. San Francisco (5-0) led **WASH.** (1-1) (11-1) to 11 points at half time, but two fumbles in the third period ruined the budding lead. **ATLANTA** (2-1) and **BUCKLE** (1-1) tied the Redskins' lead. **GREEN BAY** (16-1) edged Cleveland (14-1) 7-6 and showed the Browns out of a state of first place in the Eastern Division. **MINNESOTA** (11-1) won three of four and **DETROIT** (14-1) took two of three. **OAKLAND** (15-1) broke a five-game losing streak with a 9-8 victory over Houston. **CHICAGO** (14-1) lost two of three, while first place **HOUSTON** (11-1) dropped three more to 10-11 in Philadelphia and lost in a 10-11.

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Thorne guided him to a 10-length win over Berman in the \$100,000 Las Vegas R. Sheppard Pace for 2-year-olds at Vandy.

HOCKEY N.Y. TORONTO (16-1) moved into a second lead in the Eastern Division by extending its unbeaten streak to five before losing two straight games to expansion teams. The Maple Leafs lost Boston 2-1 and started Chicago's unbeaten streak in a 10-11 California early in the week. **LOS ANGELES** (16-1) won three of four and **DETROIT** (14-1) took two of three. **OAKLAND** (15-1) broke a five-game losing streak with a 9-8 victory over Houston. **CHICAGO** (14-1) lost two of three, while first place **HOUSTON** (11-1) dropped three more to 10-11 in Philadelphia and lost in a 10-11.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



CLARK MERRITT, 63, a retired California tax auditor, and his partner, Robert Acord, 59, head of a public accounting firm in Pasadena, won their first bridge tournament when they took the \$25,000 International Ruben Bridge championship in Las Vegas.



ISAAC WHINNANT, 14, a schoolboy in Liberia only eight months ago, became the highest scoring schoolboy soccer player in the state of Ohio with 22 goals in 12 games for the Hudson School in Cleveland. The Hudsons have a 10-1 record in their first 12 games.



LIZ YOUNG, 18, who is taking off the present semester from Southern Illinois University to concentrate on riding, guided Sam Cap to a flawless victory over eight professionals in the first open jumper-class event at the National Horse Show in New York.



ED GLARK, a fullback for Applebach (Va.) High School, rushed 226 yards and set a state scoring record, with 234 points, in leading the Bulldogs to a 9-1 season record. The old mark of 178 was made by John Sanders of Charlottesville, Va. in 1955.



BOB DINES, a junior at Occidental College who holds the one-beat-run collegiate mark, beat two state-state junior college cross-country champion Neel Dugan of USC in a cross-country dual meet with a record 21:10 for 4 1/2 miles.



BENNIE OSBORN, 29, an auto mechanic from Sands Springs, Okla., gained the Top Fuel Eliminator award at the National Hot Rod Association world championships in Tulsa, with an elapsed time of 7.01 and a 221 1/2 mph average over the 1/4-mile course.

CREDITS

22, 23—Photo by [Name], 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TRUST ANYONE OVER 30

Sirs,

For many years now I have read and enjoyed your fine publication, but now I must protest. Pete Axilhelm states that the Toronto defense consists of "three old men and a rookie" (*Crawling into a New Age*, Nov. 6). I wish to say that it would be hard to find three better defencemen in all of hockey than Tim Horton, Allan Stanley, and Marcel Pronovost. As for Johnny Horner, it is really so important that he is getting old? He has proved himself to be a great goalie and a great athlete. Horner has more ability and skill than many goalkeepers now in the NHL.

I also find it shocking that you could criticize Gordie Howe simply because he is getting on in years. Gordie Howe is a hockey master, and when he leaves, the sport will suffer a great loss.

Although I am a young man I score those who tend to count a player out simply because he is over 30. Pinch Smolch has won several Stanley Cups with many players over 30. For that matter, on November 1, the Maple Leafs defeated the mighty Montreal Canadiens 5-0 with your aging cripple, Horner, in goal.

DOUG GARRAH

Toronto

Sirs,

Pete Axilhelm's predictions for the NHL are really a spoof. Where did Mr. Axilhelm find out that the Toronto Maple Leafs are "ruined the most likely to drop out of the playoffs"? The Leafs not only won the exhibition season, they won it without several key players who were involved in contract talks. True, preseason games mean little to the outcome of actual season play, but in win without stars like Jim Peppin, Bob Pulford and Larry Hillman is a minor miracle. All three players figured prominently in the Leafs' Stanley Cup victory.

It seems Mr. Axilhelm got his tips from Frank Deford, who picked the Knickerbockers to finish third — and look where they are now!

GORD FURVYHIE

Windsor, Ont.

POETIC INJUSTICE?

Sirs,

Martine Moore is a marvelous poet, but I think she has things backward when she says "ballplayers' uniforms seem to me not so trim as formerly. They should not look like babies' sleepers or snowsuits" (*Seconds Ago*, Nov. 13). Baseball uniforms used to be big and billowy, with the trousers in particular flapping like loose spin-

ners. But in the last two decades things have tightened up. Here are a couple of photographs to illustrate my argument.

The day before the 1963 World Series began, Roy Campanella, the old Dodger catcher, was wheeled down to the edge of the field to watch the Yankees and Dodgers in batting practice. Several of the elder players on both teams — men who had played with and against Cammy before his crippling accident in 1958 — came over to talk with him. Cammy made a comment about the tight fit of the uniforms. "That's the way they make them now, Roy," one of the players said. "They don't make those old baggy things we used to wear." Campanella laughed and said, "Now I know why I used to run so slow. It was wind resistance from those old uniforms."

GEORGE SLOCUM

New York City



CEPEDA IN '67



DIMAGGIO IN '47

SEX AND IVF

Sirs,

Concerning your article on the Dartmouth-Harvard football game (*Off at Four You Don't Succeed*, Nov. 6), the fact that the Harvard captain was married (and rightly so) that he couldn't tell the difference between a sex symbol and a mother figure does not justify running down his League football and Dartmouth College. We here in Hanover can easily recognize a sex symbol when we see one. We can also recognize a good football game.

Could it be that your reporter is prejudiced against the Ivies?

DOUG JONES

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs,

It is regrettable that Pete Axilhelm was unable to capture the true spirit of a Dartmouth-Harvard football game. Although social relations, sex symbols and rapists used in Vietnam are the concern of all Ivy students, our autumn Saturday afternoons are primarily reserved for action on the football field.

Mr. Axilhelm's observations on recruiting particularly invite comment. It is a fact that Harvard's program of "limited recruiting" last year included a phone call from New York's Junior Service urging a prospect to enroll at Harvard. As far as I know, the Big Green does not rely on the services of Governor Nelson Rockefeller or the late Daniel Webster for its recruiting of football players.

Incidentally, Dartmouth men do not have to be reminded why they should keep their heads up.

THOMAS J. BARDEGHAWZ

Hanover, N.H.

THE LADY

Sirs,

I read with great interest the article by Mark Kram about Aileen Eaton, certainly one of the country's most outstanding promoters of boxing and wrestling (*The Lady Is a Champ*, Nov. 6). My interest, of course, was concerned with the boxing angle. From 1962 until late in 1965 I was in contact with Mrs. Eaton almost continuously because I was at the time Cassius Clay's manager. I am in no way disagreeing with what Mark Kram had to say about Mrs. Eaton, but I would like to emphasize some points Mr. Kram made.

During my whole association with Mrs. Eaton I found her to be completely honest, frank and helpful. I suppose there has always been an exception to every rule and to every statement, and I take it upon myself to be the exception to Mark Kram's statement that she was "feared by all." I can assure you that I never feared Mrs. Eaton, but I respected her at all times, for her judgment and her ability.

Mr. Kram quotes Leo Moskoff at some length, and I want to take exception to one part of this quote, and this part has to do with Mrs. Eaton's going to fight Lavarate and Archie Moore after Joe Louis had promoted Cassius' first fight in Los Angeles against George Logan. In the first place, Joe Louis was merely a partner in this promotion, and he was not the partner putting up the money. The promotion was extremely unattractive, and I want to make it clear that this was not the fault of Joe Louis, who tried very hard, along with Mrs.

Leurs, to see that the promoter was a professional success. However, it was not, and when Adeen Eaton asked me if she could promote Cassius' next fight it was quite logical that I should say yes.

I never had to worry about her word, and I never had to worry that every word in our contract with her would not be carried out in full.

Mark Kram gave several examples of her kindness, and I should like to add to the list the fact that when Laverne was fatally injured on a fight several months after his fight with Cassius, Adeen Eaton was a steady visitor to the boy in the hospital, looked after expenses, and did everything she could by employing the best doctors to see if Laverne's life could not be saved. Her attention to Laverne's welfare was well beyond the call of duty as a fight promoter.

I have been fortunate in spending a good many hours with Adeen Eaton and her late husband Cal outside of the arena and her office, and her statement, "I am a lady away from boxing," is a true statement.

WILLIAM FAYERSHAM JR.
Vice-president,
Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation
Louisville

Sir:

In my wife's words, I am "a competitive sports nut," and over the years I have often thought about writing you about the space you give, in a sports magazine, to boxing, a nonsport as generally conducted. However, you have finally come up with an article on the subject that warrants publication.

For the last several years, in spite of my lack of interest in boxing, I have been following, as best an outsider can, the promotional activities of Adeen Eaton. You are so correct when you state, "She runs her polished operation like a business, one that is refreshingly interested in the people who allow her business to exist." This is especially true if you are including the fan.

WILLIAM G. LYDE
Newport Beach, Calif.

SPORTSMAN

Sir:

Here is an early nomination for Sportsman of the Year. There can be only one choice: Carl Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox, who, with his teammates, made 1967 the baseball season that will never end.

DONALD FARRAR
Amherst, Mass.

MURDERERS

Sir:

Pamela Knight's is the first good article on mycophagy in a popular magazine that I can remember (*In Search of Cantharellus*
continued

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way to give your feet
all-day protection
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germs. Penetrating
spray cools, refreshes, soothes. Also great
for everybody in the family.



Dr. Scholl's

EVERYTHING
FOR FOOT CARE

19TH HOLE continued

Columbus, Oct. 16) Most such articles are
so full of mistakes that one wonders why
the editor bothered printing them.

HARRY S. KINGSBORN

Chairman, Committee on Fung
People-to-People Program

Portsmouth, Ohio

PSYCHED

Sirs,

As a charter member of the Sports Il-
lustrated "club," I feel I have a legitimate
complaint regarding your October 23 pro
basketball cover. Every Thursday evening
when I get home from work, I ask my wife
if SI has arrived. If she says "yes," she re-
ceives her daily kiss. If she says "no," I
start my growl bear act. Now on this particu-
lar Thursday the answer was "no." SI
had not arrived. Friday morning when I
was emptying wastebaskets into the burning
barrel, out falls the October 23 issue. Be-
cause of your psychedelic cover, my wife
thought that it was one of those mail-order
catalogs that are so prevalent these days
and threw it away. As a result, I have just
started an antipsychotic-magazine-cover
campaign.

ROB DOBBERTEIN

North Highlands, Calif

Sirs,

Sports is no place for pop art! You
are entitled to your opinions. But when
you start putting mod covers on my mag-
azine I feel I have every right to argue.

MARK POLLOCK

Pittsburgh

Sirs,

I would like to obtain a blowup of your
October 23 cover.

GREG WINGFIELD

Lebanon, Tenn

SWAYED

Sirs,

British Author John Fowles says sport is
"a situation where beauty may arise." Con-
stantine Marnos' photographs and the ac-
companying commentary, *On the Road in
All Star Losers* (Oct. 23), attest to Fowles'
assumption. Basketball, "the simplest of
team games" in SI Publisher Garry Vail's
words, attains its single-best in the NBA,
and the Marnos camera has frozen this small
group of athletes in some of their various
struggles to attain the perfection for which
they are trained.

There is much more to say for this short
essay on the poetry of pro basketball. How-
ever, if you'll excuse me for a second, I
have to pull up my knee socks and finish
loosening up my All Stars. Oh, hey, SI. Thanks
for bringing in the ball.

JAMES PLASKI

Tucson

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YESTERDAY

Fatal End to the Fun Stakes

The betting was only nominal at the Bennetts' card table that night, but the host had to pay up with his life by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

The game of contract bridge is not nearly as dangerous as it is sometimes painted. Many people have played for years without serious injury to either body or spirit. At least once, however, a bridge player suffered the ultimate penalty for bad bidding and worse play.

John G. Bennett, 36, a \$35,000-a-year perfume agent, spent some time studying the 13 cards he had dealt himself one September evening in 1929 in his comfortable home in Kansas City, Mo. Holding five spades to the king-knave, four hearts to the king, a doubleton diamond and the king-10 of clubs, he deemed it proper to open with one spade. His partner raised him to four. Bennett failed to make the contract, and within minutes his body was lying bleeding on the floor, while a wisp of smoke curled from the barrel of the automatic in the fist of his wife and partner.

Myrtle Bennett was arrested and jailed; two weeks later she was released on bail. In the leisurely way of the law, it took 17 months for her to be brought to trial, where she was defended by Senator Jim Reed, a silver-tongued attorney of the old school, who frequently broke into tears at the thought of the injustice the people of Missouri were perpetrating on his righteous client. To counter Reed's display of emotion, the people, in the person of their prosecuting attorney, adduced impeccably factual testimony from the Bennetts' old friends, Mayme and Charles Hofman, who had sat East and West at the fatal table. As they told it, the bidding was one spade by Bennett, two diamonds by Charles Hofman, four spades by Myrtle, after which she put down "a perfectly beautiful hand." As Hofman played it, according to the Hofmans, Myrtle popped out to the kitchen to lay his breakfast. He was leaving early next morning for St. Joseph. When she came back to find the contract broken, she called her husband "a bum bridge player." He thereupon leaned across the table and slapped her hard on the face four or five times.

The Hofmans tried to calm things down by suggesting that they get on with the next deal, but Bennett announced that he had decided to leave immediately for St. Joe and went to pack his suitcase.

As he did so, Myrtle went to her mother's room and fetched a gun. Charles Hofman, sitting her with gun in hand, cried, "My God, Myrtle, what are you going to do?" In answer Mrs. Bennett fired four shots, the last two of which lodged in her husband.

What might at first seem a straightforward sequence of events became less so when Senator Reed explained them. Myrtle Bennett had merely fetched the gun because she knew that her husband always carried it on his trips. While bringing the gun to him, she stumbled against a chair, causing two shots to be fired into a door, and when Bennett tried to take the dangerous thing from her, two more bullets were fired, unhappily lodging in him. The all-male jury had no difficulty in accepting this interpretation of the story. At the end of the 13-day trial, they found Myrtle Bennett not guilty.

Although both prosecution and defense had minimized the importance of the game, millions of bridge players all over the world wondered what the vital cards had been. If they had been the Bennetts, they asked themselves, how would they have fared? To aid them in making up their minds *The Bridge World* published the relevant hands:

South dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A 10 6 3		♠ 7	
♥ 10 K 5		♥ Q 9 4	
♦ A		♦ K 7 6 3	
♣ A 9 8 4 2		♣ Q 7 5 3	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ Q 7 2		♠ A 9 8 5	
♥ A 3		♥ K 7 6 2	
♦ A Q 10 9 2		♦ K 5	
♣ J 6		♣ A 10	

continued

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Fun Stakes

The unhappy play went as follows: Mr. Hofman (West) opened the ace of diamonds and, when dummy showed only a singleton, switched to the jack of clubs. Mr. Bennett, the declarer, won in his hand with the king and led the spade jack, hoping that West would cover with the queen. But when Mr. Hofman immediately played low, Mr. Bennett went up with dummy's ace rather than risk a losing finesse if East held the queen instead. When Mrs. Hofman discarded a diamond on the second spade lead, Mr. Bennett took his king, trumped his last diamond in dummy and cashed dummy's ace of clubs. A low club was then trumped and was overtrumped by West's queen. Mr. Hofman cashed the heart ace and returned the heart 3 to the queen and king. Regardless of what he did then, Mr. Bennett was destined to lose the setting trick to West's heart jack.

Ever since then, experts have analyzed and reanalyzed the hand to decide if capital punishment was justified. Fly Culbertson was sternly critical of Bennett's hidding, since the Culbertson rule of a minimum of 2½ honor tricks for an opening bid had been flouted. He also pointed out that Mrs. Bennett might have been better off to had only three spades, leaving her husband the option of making the game call.

Sidney S. Lenz, Culbertson's rival bridge pro, was equally critical of Bennett's opening bid as well as of his play. The *London Times* saw no logical reason why Bennett should have finessed against the queen of spades, with four cards in the suit out against him, the queen would drop 62 times out of 100.

None of the experts pointed out that if Bennett had elected to finesse the jack of spades, or had Hofman covered the jack, Bennett would have had only one hurdle remaining to bring in his contract. After drawing the opposing trumps in two more rounds, Bennett could have cashed dummy's ace of clubs and led the 9 of clubs for a ruffing finesse against East's queen. Whether East covered or not would have made no difference—declarer would have been able to return to dummy with a diamond ruff and discard two hearts on the good clubs, leaving him with only two heart losers plus the diamond he had lost at the start.

But this is wisdom after the event. Who can tell what he might have done with the fatal cards had he been John Bennett?

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